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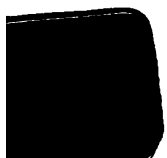
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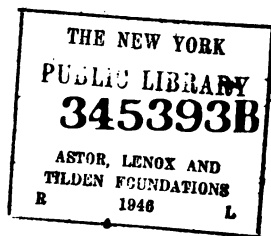
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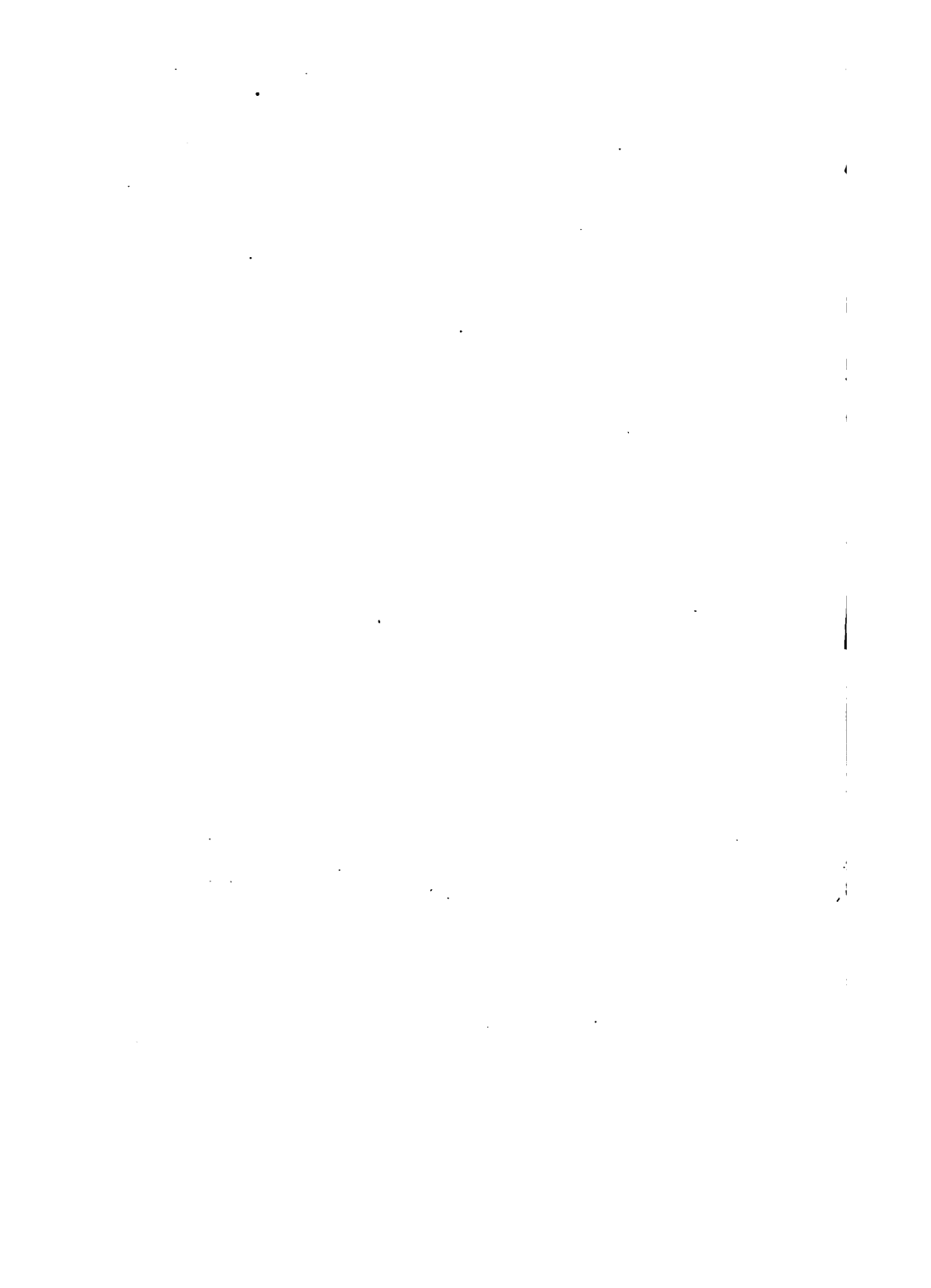
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PREFACE.

THESE sketches, as their general title denotes, are the work of an Australian during his first year of residence in London, and may serve in some measure as a mirror in which American and London institutions are seen as they present themselves to the antipodean observer. Thanks are returned to the conductors of *Chambers's Journal*, the *Globe*, and the *Melbourne Argus* for permission to reproduce those portions of the book that I contributed to their columns in the first instance.

J. F. H.

McCullum Feb. 17, 1946



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THE
AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON
AND AMERICA.

1.—Across the Pacific.

It was on a delightful April afternoon—one of those bright and balmy, clear and cloudless days that mark the lingering close of the long Australian summer, and are so universally enjoyable after the intenser heat of previous months—that I set out from the Spencer Street railway station in Melbourne for my first visit to the world's metropolis. The initial stage of this most extensive of sublunary journeys comprised the 500 miles of land that separate Sydney from Melbourne, the rival cities in the race for southern supremacy, and the prosperous capitals of adjoining but not quite sisterly colonies. At a period by no means remote, the traveller between these two great antipodean centres had to face many dangers and difficulties, and oftentimes had to spend toilsome weeks

in making slow progress over the roughest of primeval bush roads. But great changes have come over the face of the country since the days of the pioneer "overlanders"—the generic name applied to those adventurous travelling custodians of cattle and horses between Sydney and Melbourne—and, instead of nineteen days' rough bush experiences and complete isolation from civilized humanity, the distance between the two Australasian capitals can now be safely and comfortably accomplished in less than nineteen hours. The bush has been completely subjugated; rivers have been successfully bridged; towns and villages have sprung up in profusion; and every day fresh sets of passengers are being carried from one capital to the other in swiftly-running railway cars.

With busy, populous, mathematically-constructed Melbourne I had been familiar from childhood, but with Sydney, the mother-city of the colonies, my acquaintance was much less intimate, and I found the process of comparison between the two cities a very interesting one. First and foremost, there was the striking contrast in their general aspect. There is no suggestion of antiquity about Melbourne. It looks exactly what it is, a city of yesterday—of truly marvellous growth no doubt—but still presenting unmistakable evidences of the radiant freshness and ebullient energy of civic juvenility. But Sydney is

staid and decorous, as becomes a city just entering on the second century of its career, and the parent settlement of the Australasian dominion. The names of its old-fashioned, narrow, crooked streets—George, Pitt, Castlereagh, &c.—are reminiscent of what is ancient history to the antipodean mind. One walk through these tortuous thoroughfares suffices to show the visitor that he is in the only Australian capital that can trace its origin to a period anterior to the present age of chessboard cities. It is this suggestion of comparative antiquity that constitutes one of the chief charms of Sydney to colonial visitors. A quiet stroll through the quaint, irregular streets in immediate proximity to its world-renowned harbour would give the sympathetic artist abundant opportunities of transferring to canvas some delicious bits of old Sydney that have been left untouched and unmarred by the march of modern improvement. But it is not in architectural aspect alone that Sydney differs from Melbourne. There is also a striking contrast in the every-day life of the two capitals. In Sydney business is transacted in a cool, methodical, common-sense manner; whereas, in Melbourne, commerce is conducted more on American principles, with a perpetual feverish throbbing in the principal thoroughfares, and a wasteful expenditure of vital energy that it is sometimes painful to witness. Commercial Melbourne seems

to construe in too literal a sense altogether the lines of a well-known hymn :

“ Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.”

To the superficial observer of the two cities, Melbourne is the hare and Sydney the tortoise, but a deeper investigation tends to show that in this, as in many other instances, the tortoise, though seemingly slow, is gradually overtaking the hare, and bids fair to pass that impulsive animal before long. The population of Sydney has considerably increased of recent years, and now amounts to 330,000 souls, being only 50,000 behind its southern rival, a deficiency that will probably be changed into a surplus in the very near future. For Sydney possesses attractions for immigrants and intending colonists that are not enjoyed by any other Australasian city. It has a harbour at its doors, as picturesque to the admiring eye as it is useful for the prosaic purposes of trade and commerce ; it occupies a central and commanding situation on the eastern side of the continent ; and it is the metropolis of an extensive and only partially-developed territory. Melbourne, on the other hand, is placed at a serious dis-

advantage in the race for supremacy by the inconvenience and the inadequacy of its harbour accommodation, its comparative isolation at the southern extremity of the continent, and the exceeding smallness of the colony of which it is the capital. Nevertheless, despite these drawbacks, Melbourne has a firm faith in her future, and in her ability to maintain the lead which she has enjoyed for so many years. She is resolved to spare no effort to retain the championship of the colonies, and she will not surrender to Sydney until it has been conclusively proved that she has been fairly beaten in the race.

Sydney Harbour was looking its loveliest one sunny afternoon towards the end of April, 1887, when the Oceanic Steamship Company's fine four-masted, well-appointed steamer, the "Zealandia," attended by half-a-dozen excursion boats, each of which was a confused mass of friendly well-wishers and white handkerchiefs, proceeded slowly towards the Heads and entered on her voyage across the great Pacific. We were, in nautical phraseology, a full and complete, every available berth being occupied, a proof of the increasing popularity of the intercolonial route from the colonies to America. Altogether we numbered about 90 passengers in the main saloon and first-class people being considerably in the majority. Indeed, so few elderly folk were it is not surprising

that a youthful artist on board was prompted to produce a large picture of the ship, with portraits of the passengers in characteristic attitudes, and to write underneath what he deemed to be appropriate lines from Gray's "Bard :"

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."

We had also a young lady artist, who never came on deck without a huge portfolio, which was completely filled with sketches of her fellow-passengers, in every variety of attitude and expression, by the time we arrived in San Francisco. Her chief delight consisted in stealing on people unawares, and transferring their features to her portfolio before they became aware of what she was about. Looking up for a moment from the book that you had been intently perusing, you would find her a few yards away busily engaged in taking your portrait without your permission. With a merry laugh on being discovered, she would show you her stolen sketch from life, and ask your opinion as to its fidelity. Most of those hand-drawn portraits were wonderfully life-like, there being a total absence of that self-conscious expression which people cannot get rid of when they know that their portraits are being taken.

Amongst the young men on board were some who had voyaged to Australia under medical advice and were now returning home by way of America; some who, having completed their course in English Universities, were supplementing their collegiate training with that larger, general, and, perhaps, more useful education which a tour of the world alone affords; some scions of noble and gentle houses, including the heir to an historic British peerage, who had been acquainting themselves with colonial institutions, and not a few young colonists, who had been living in Australia from childhood, and were now going to see the great city of London at its best and in its jubilee dress. There was also a goodly contingent of young travelling representatives of British manufacturing firms, who had been "doing the colonies" for orders, and who seemed to have been well satisfied with the results of their mission. The presence of so many of those smart young ambassadors of the commercial world was a striking evidence of the great development of trade between the mother country and the colonies, that has been brought about by rapid steam communication. Down to a recent period, Australia was considered to be too remote a field from England to be worthy of any special cultivation in a business sense, but that serene indifference has given place to particular attention since it has become possible for a

London merchant to speak to his Melbourne correspondent by submarine wire and get an answer within twenty-four hours, or to land in Melbourne within thirty days from his leaving London in a swiftly-speeding Orient liner.

A Wednesday afternoon saw us steaming out of Sydney Harbour, and on the following Sunday morning we sighted the northern coast of New Zealand. For the whole of that day we were moving almost imperceptibly over the smoothest of seas along the eastern side of the Auckland peninsula, in full view of a far-stretching panorama of rugged ranges, aspiring peaks, and volcanic islets. These latter assumed all sorts of shapes, from the regularly-formed needle-like pinnacle to the confused mass of igneous rock that looked as if it had been suddenly and instantaneously ejected, with all its roughnesses and angularities, from some submarine furnace. It was nearly midnight when we took possession of our appointed berth at the Queen's Wharf in Auckland, but, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, there was a numerous assemblage of Irish residents waiting to welcome the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Great was their disappointment on learning that the popular Irish viceroy was not on board, his lordship having at the last moment postponed his departure from Sydney in consequence of the indisposition of the countess.

Next morning we made the acquaintance of Auckland and the justly celebrated bay on which it is built. The inlet of Waitemata differs from Sydney Harbour in not being so strikingly composed of a number of delightful little bays, each a perfect picture in itself. Waitemata is less broken in outline and more uniform in design. It impresses the spectator as a whole, not in part. It is a lovely landlocked lake, presenting a shining expanse of sea-green water, set in a stately framework of encircling hills. The city of Auckland occupies the hills on its southern shores and fills the intervening valleys as well, Mount Eden, a volcanic peak, contributing an effective background to the scene. Though no longer the capital of New Zealand, it continues to be the most populous centre of the colony, and is a place of considerable trade. Its natural beauty of site has been supplemented in no small degree by the numerous well-kept gardens that meet and gratify the eye on every side. Conspicuously placed on the summit of a hill, with its gilded cross scintillating in the bright sunshine, St. Patrick's Cathedral is one of the first buildings to attract the visitor's attention. It was here that the patriotic prelate who now rules the archdiocese of Cashel, in Ireland, commenced his episcopal career, for His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke was a wise and zealous administrator of

the diocese of Auckland for a period of four years prior to his translation to Cashel.

Auckland possesses a public library of considerable size and value, the most precious portion of which is the department containing the extensive collection of illuminated manuscript missals, rare printed books, and works in the Maori language, which has been presented to the city by its chief worthy, Sir George Grey. This is the second occasion on which Sir George has generously handed over his literary and art treasures for the benefit of the community at large, as he performed a similar kindly action during his residence as governor in South Africa. Few public men of the century have had such a varied dramatic career as has fallen to the fortune of Sir George Grey. An early and intrepid explorer on the western coast of the Australian continent, one of the first governors of the newly-created colony of South Australia, a successful administrator of New Zealand affairs during long years of trial and difficulty occasioned by sanguinary Maori wars, the chosen ruler of South Africa during a critical period of its history, and now, in his old age, a popular statesman in the antipodean land of his affection, Sir George Grey has had a multiplicity of strange experiences crowded into his half-a-century of active official and public life. The lovely little island of Kawau, within a few hours' sail of Auckland, is the

hermit-like home of this veteran and venerable colonist.

Having taken on board a large quantity of cargo and the New Zealand mails for America and Europe, we resumed our voyage in the presence of a numerous array of Auckland citizens. Passing out of the harbour, we beheld on our right the weird frowning isle of Rangitoto, the native name for "Bloody Sky," a word significant of a remote era that still survives in Maori tradition, when the sky was illuminated with the lurid flames that leaped from this once active insular volcano. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the vicinity of Auckland than the numerous points of eruption to be seen on every side, evidencing the amazing amount of volcanic energy that was here stored beneath the surface in pre-historic times. Four days' pleasant steaming from Auckland brought us to one of the Samoan or Navigators' Islands called Tutuila, but we were not fortunate enough to make our appearance there during the daylight. It was ten at night when we announced our arrival by firing off a cannon and making an unearthly noise with our steam whistle. After the lapse of half-an-hour, during which we watched the twinkling lights of the village on shore, and admired through the semi-darkness the bold precipitous cliffs that loomed up on the right and the left, a boat manned by stalwart native rowers

approached and delivered into our keeping a little mail bag and also a great many baskets of fresh fruit, to which we applied ourselves diligently for the next few days.

Sixty hours' smooth running over silent summer seas transported us to that mystic circle which marked, in our case, where the southern hemisphere ended and where the northern one began. It goes without saying that we were treated to a performance of the broad farce of "King Neptune and his Court," which has been played from time immemorial on ships and steamers "crossing the line." Formerly, this nautical burlesque was entirely in the hands of the sailors, who organized and produced it for their own special benefit, and levied toll on nervous passengers who were frightened of being seized and forcibly dipped as an act of homage to the monarch of the sea. But times have changed, and now the vivacious young passengers are the actors, and the sailors frequently find themselves amongst the victims. It is no doubt a nonsensical sort of entertainment when viewed from the landsman's standpoint, but it possesses the one great merit of helping to relieve the monotony of ship-life; and, on that account, it will probably continue to be produced and performed in some shape or other as long as the world endures. It would indeed be well if all the modes of killing

time on shipboard were as innocent and as innocuous as this equatorial procession and play. I recollect reading some time ago of a commotion in England caused by the revelations of a favourite English author, concerning the extent to which the baneful practice of gambling prevailed on Atlantic steamers. But my experience of the two oceans has led me to the conclusion that, in respect to this particular vice, the Atlantic is propriety itself in comparison with the Pacific. It is true I seldom passed the smoking-room of my Atlantic steamer without seeing one or two groups of card-players, but there was none of that systematic gambling for high stakes which was of daily occurrence during the three weeks that we were ploughing the Pacific from Sydney to San Francisco. Throughout that voyage this was the scene that the smoking-room ordinarily presented: a number of green-covered circular tables, each in possession of a party of young men; a pile of gold and silver in the centre of the tables, with smaller heaps of coin by the side of each of the players; and a smoking crowd of interested spectators watching the progress of each game and the raking-in of the "pool" by the lucky winners. I have said that the players were all young men, and that is strictly and absolutely true. I cannot recall an instance of a middle-aged or elderly passenger sitting down to a

game for high stakes in the smoking-room. One class of passengers—the “commercial gentlemen”—apparently contributed most of the groups around the card-tables and made the smoking-room the centre of attraction throughout each successive day. As I watched these young fellows repeatedly opening their purses and taking out sovereigns to be risked on a shuffle of the cards, I could not help thinking on the possible after-consequences of the unhealthy excitement of gambling on shipboard. Would they irretrievably imbibe the gambling propensity and find themselves powerless to keep away from the road to ruin, or would they be strong-willed enough to avoid the card table when the monotony of a long sea voyage no longer afforded them an excuse for resorting to it?

Such a voyage as that across the Pacific from Australia to America is unquestionably monotonous, and it is especially so to those young and ardent commercial travellers who, being accustomed to a life of constant energy and activity, find themselves doomed to three weeks of enforced idleness on the water. They are constrained to lock up their samples, and to kill time as best they can until land is seen ahead. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lever, W. M. Thackeray and Charles Dickens, which constitute the bulk of the ship's library, are stale to them; flirting with the lady passengers is slow and

possibly dangerous; fine-weather games on deck soon lose their attractiveness, and so they gravitate towards the card-room, where they can play in all weathers, and where the hours between meals fly away imperceptibly in the excitement of gaining or losing money. Under these circumstances, it is doubtful whether it is possible to do away with gambling on shipboard, and the officers of ocean steamers perhaps exercise a wise discretion in turning a blind eye towards the proceedings in the smoking-room. But none the less is it a deplorable evil, and, besides the prejudicial effects on the players themselves, it must needs more or less demoralize the spectators.

Gambling and drinking are very nearly related, and the stewards on our Pacific steamer had, as the Yankees say, to "circulate considerably" between the bar and the smoking-room. The calls on these hard-worked officers were incessant, and the quantity and variety of the drinks that were brought in through the smoke-laden atmosphere to stimulate the energies of the players, would have sent Sir Wilfrid Lawson into a cold sweat. If a player won, he drank to celebrate the event in company with his friends; if he lost, he drank to drown the remembrance of his ill-luck, and to beseech fortune to smile on him at the next deal of the cards. Thus the inexperienced passenger who consented to make one of a party at

a green table in the smoking-room would be in a double danger. He would be learning to gamble and to drink.

I suppose it may be taken for granted that the merry card-playing amongst the lady passengers in the brilliantly-lighted saloon every evening was something entirely different to the serious business in the smoking-room. "Innocent recreation" would be the descriptive phrase for the former, whilst "money-grabbing" would serve to indicate the general tendency of the latter. In other words, the ladies used the cards, whilst the gentlemen abused them. That weak human nature very often finds great difficulty in resisting the promptings of the gambling instinct, there are abundant evidences all around us to prove; and when we find card-playing for money rampant on Pacific or Atlantic steamers, we can only lament the fact and look forward to a day of improvement, when the conditions of life on the ocean wave will not form so congenial a soil for the rapid growth of the gambling propensity as they unfortunately do at present.

With a view to helping to change the conditions of maritime existence for the better, it has recently been proposed in England to establish something akin to the familiar railway book-stall on the great ocean-going steamers, and it is understood that the experi-

ment will shortly be tried on a few of those populous and palatial Atlantic liners by some enterprising speculators. The idea is to provide the inhabitants of floating fragments of the world with a constant supply of current literature at a moderate cost, and thereby to relieve them from dependence for intellectual nutriment on the stale contents of the average ship-library. There is no reason why this novel scheme, if capably worked and popularized at the outset, should not succeed and prove a profitable undertaking to its promoters, and when its success on the Atlantic is assured, no doubt some enterprising Melbourne or Sydney bookseller will follow suit on the Pacific. The route homewards *viâ* America is becoming increasingly popular every year, and, though the Pacific steamers are not as roomy as the leviathan ferry-boats of the Atlantic, yet they carry a tourist population that is well worth catering for in every respect.

The Pacific is emphatically a silent ocean. With the exception of the brief stoppages at Auckland, Tutuila and Honolulu, the monotony is unbroken for the three weeks that it takes to traverse the distance between Sydney and San Francisco. Not a sail or a steamer did we see until we approached the North American coast. On the Atlantic the state of things is exactly the reverse. There vesse's of all

descriptions are somewhat too numerous to be pleasant, for the risk of collision, particularly in foggy weather, is an ever-present element of danger.

"Do you see that sail ahead?" said the chief officer of our Atlantic steamer to me one bright and breathless afternoon. I looked and saw a ship becalmed, lying directly in the course of our steamer. "Now," he continued, "you see how easily collisions may happen; if a fog happened to be about, we would run straight into that ship." The situation was precisely as he had described it, and we had to alter our course to avoid getting too close to the motionless vessel that seemed a complete realization of the forcible simile of Coleridge:

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The Pacific, silent and monotonous though it be, has therefore one immense advantage over the Atlantic, inasmuch as the liability to collision on its waters is reduced to an almost inappreciable minimum, whereas, on the "herring-pond" this element of danger is becoming more conspicuous and alarming every day in proportion to the increasing rivalry amongst the different steamboat companies trading between London and Liverpool and New York.

The fifth morning after our entrance into the northern hemisphere found us outside the coral reefs

that enclose the capacious harbour of Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, or the kingdom of Hawaii, to employ the official designation of this important Pacific group. We had to wait for some time before a pilot came out to our assistance, although to the superficial eye there did not seem to be any necessity whatever for the ~~services~~ of a special navigator. We could see the houses and gardens of the city of tropical delights right ahead of us, and nothing seemed easier than to steer the steamer straight across the sparkling expanse to her appointed berth. But appearances were treacherously deceptive; there were unseen dangers below. The little coral insect had been at work in its myriads, building up solid walls that would shatter the stoutest ship that came into collision with them. On the surface all seemed bright and fair; a foot or two below were barriers and obstacles through which our pilot had slowly and cautiously to feel his way. Probably in no other part of the world could a poetical preacher find a more striking or a more complete allegory of human life than this scene affords to the contemplative observer, and an extraordinarily powerful effort of the imagination is not needed to picture Honolulu, when viewed from its seaward approach, as a terrestrial reflex of the heavenly city which is the goal of the hopes of humanity.

2.—An Earthly Paradise.



IF not the most admired, certainly not the least conspicuous personage in the historic procession of Royalties that escorted Queen Victoria to Westminster Abbey on the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, was the dusky Queen Kapiolani, of Hawaii. The massive proportions of this regal lady, and the smiling vigour with which she bowed to the right and to the left all along the line of march, combined to focus the eyes of the cheering crowds upon her Merry Majesty of the Sandwich Islands. When the jubilee rejoicings were over, Queen Kapiolani apparently made up her mind to spend some weeks in England. Her advertised list of engagements gradually assumed proportions of no ordinary magnitude, and she would doubtless have developed into the great social lioness of the season if her little holiday had not been suddenly and cruelly cut short by an alarming telegram from home. This unwelcome message in the midst of joy cor-

veyed the disagreeable news that the citizens of her capital, Honolulu, had started a revolution in her absence, and that the not very substantial throne of herself and her husband, King Kalakaua, was in serious danger of collapsing beneath the pressure of popular opinion. Queen Kapiolani behaved like a sensible woman when this disquieting intelligence reached her ears. She immediately cancelled all her English social engagements; she re-crossed the Atlantic on one of the "greyhounds of the deep;" she was whirled across the American continent in a Pullman car; without waiting for the war steamer which the United States Government offered to place at her command, she took immediate shipping from San Francisco to Honolulu; and she apparently arrived in time to help in putting things straight after the shaking-up that the monarchy had sustained during her temporary absence at the British Jubilee pic-nic.

During our brief stay in Honolulu, the revolution was simmering beneath the surface. We walked through this Eden of the Pacific a few weeks before armed crowds took possession of its streets and dictated a new Liberal constitution to its terrified king. We heard hints of corruption in the King's palace, and of popular discontent with the existing Government, but there was no positive in-

dication that an explosion was imminent. A superior military band was playing in the parks during the afternoons ; there was a gay and many-hued assemblage of music-loving natives and European visitors in attendance ; the principal thoroughfares were rendered exceedingly picturesque by the diversity of colour in the costumes of the native women, and the vicinity of the shipping was monopolized by crowds of vociferous, gesticulating, muscular natives in a semi-naked condition, engaged in either loading or discharging the vessels in the harbour.

There is perhaps no lovelier scene to delight the tourist's eye than the approach by water to Honolulu on a bright and balmy May morning, such as it was our good fortune to be favoured with. The city is seen enshrined in a wealth of tropical foliage, through which the church spires and the grey roofs seem to have forced their way, whilst the lofty mountains beyond lend an imposing background to the landscape. The harbour is alive with canoes, propelled by almost naked natives, who paddle about in what seems so reckless and promiscuous a fashion that one wonders how they contrive to keep themselves afloat. Our steamer having been carefully and successfully navigated between the dangerous coral reefs that abound in these waters, a brigade of brown-skinned native boys swim

out from the shore to meet us, and gambol about the ship with their large eyes ever on the alert for the coins that are thrown overboard to encourage them to dive for the entertainment of the passengers. Sometimes three or four of them will dive for the same sixpence, and then it is very amusing to watch the contest for possession deep down in the transparent waters, and to see the broadly-muzzled head of the successful diver as he comes to the surface with the coin rolling in his mouth. On arriving at the wharf we are greeted amidst much hallooing by a crowd of natives, and pass a very picturesque scene at the landing of a large number of gentlemen & women. I am not sure that the natives are not a little surprised that we have come to the island, and that the "trade" of the day, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. Therefore it is that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. he gives us the information that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. aly declines to leave the island, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. Outside the "Lusitania" we see a large number of white men. long row of white men, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. of first passengers, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men. into the harbour, and that the natives are more than surprised to see a large number of white men.

the Pali, over which, according to legendary lore, Kamehameha the Conqueror drove the defeated forces of the King of Oahu. Four of us constitute ourselves into a limited liability company, having a subscribed capital of 10 dollars, or £2, with which we charter one of these conveyances and proceed in leisurely fashion along the broad road up the Nuuanu Valley. We pass by the homes of the great ones of Honolulu, surrounded and sometimes almost hidden from view by teeming verdure and flowering plants of every hue. We meet scores of laughing, liquid-eyed, native girls on horseback, and our Australian ideas of feminine propriety are rudely shocked by observing their unconventional and masculine mode of riding. The side-saddle is an institution of whose existence they are either unconscious or contemptuous—most probably the latter. The ascent becomes steeper and steeper until we finally enter a narrow gorge hemmed in by precipitous walls, through which we walk until an abrupt turning discloses to our wondering view one of the most striking scenes that the surface of our globe presents. We are on the verge of an extraordinary abyss—a perpendicular wall of rock nearly a thousand feet in depth with not sufficient foothold to sustain a bird. From our lofty elevation we look down on a weird valley encircled by dark rocky walls, and get a

glimpse of the Pacific at its further end. The luckless Oahu warriors who were driven up the gorge at our rear by the victorious army of Kamehameha found themselves in a veritable death-trap when they reached the spot on which we were now standing. Behind them was death at the hands of their conquering foes; before them and beneath them was the still more appalling death by being dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipice. According to the received legend, hundreds of them adopted the latter alternative, and, with dying yells of defiance, threw themselves into the abyss. Their bones were seen bleaching on the plain below for years afterwards. Whether this native tradition has any historical foundation of fact or is only an heroic fiction, as some allege, it is certainly true that the wild and savage character of the scenery of the Pali is strongly suggestive of some such ghastly drama of barbaric warfare. Anyhow, the Pali is not a spot on which one loves to linger for any appreciable time, for, apart from its tragic associations, the wind blows with almost the force of a hurricane through the gorge, and most visitors, after qualifying themselves to be in a position to tell their friends at home that they have seen the far-famed Pali, very gladly and briskly retrace their steps and return to the calmer latitudes below.

After viewing the Pali, the next item on the programme is lunch at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, an establishment that has been lucky enough to receive a world-wide advertisement in the graphic pages of Mr. Froude's "Oceana." And, indeed, it well deserves all the good things that have been said about it. There is, perhaps, no other spot on the face of the earth that comes nearer to the popular ideal of the Garden of Eden as it was before our inquisitive first mother Eve committed the one big blunder of her life. A horticultural exhibition of the first magnitude is the best phrase to apply to the four acres of tropical luxuriance, in which the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and the twelve lovely little cottages connected with it, are embowered. It is in the spacious, open, airy dining-hall of this Pacific paradise that we make our first acquaintance with the Chinese waiter, and we unanimously vote him a success. A certain amount of prejudice, the result of almost invariably seeing Chinamen in the colonies under repulsive aspects, has of course to be conquered, but we are very soon compelled to admire the good qualities of the Chinese attendant. He is uniformly polite, active, and attentive, and he possesses a marvellous memory. He will stand with stolid placidity at a table until half-a-dozen people tell him what they want. Then he will go away and return in a minute or two with all his commissions

fulfilled, and he will lay before each one exactly what that particular person ordered, never making a mistake, and rarely uttering a syllable. This judgment is not based on an isolated experience, but on the results of many subsequent observations of Chinese waiters at roadside stations in the western parts of America. Here in London when I see elaborately-attired white waiters committing their orders to paper lest they should get "mixed," and, after all their precautions, making stupid mistakes, I cannot help concluding that the Caucasian is no match for the Celestial in the matter of memory, and other things as well, such as briskness, politeness, and a particularly useful species of intuition which almost enables speech to be dispensed with.

Next for a walk through the town. Honolulu, picturesque as it is from the sea, discloses some disagreeable defects on a more intimate acquaintance. Its streets are shockingly uneven and ill-made, the principal thoroughfares being in the most backward condition of all. I could discern no provision for drainage whatever, and the frightful prevalence of leprosy in the group may possibly be accounted for by this wholesale neglect of the elementary principles of sanitary science. In point of fact, a ramble through the streets of Honolulu is by no means unattended with serious personal risk. Soon after my arrival in America, a

case was reported of a young man who had recently spent a few days in the capital of the Sandwich Islands, and who on his return home developed the awful scourge in all its intensity. He presumably contracted the disease by contact with some unknown leper in the streets of Honolulu. There are no less than 800 of these unfortunate beings isolated on one of the islands of the group called Molokai, and voluntarily living amongst them and ministering to their spiritual necessities, self-doomed to all the horrors of such a hideous companionship for the remainder of his life, is a Roman Catholic priest, Father Damien. The records of this or any other age will be searched in vain for a more signal example of heroic self-sacrifice on behalf of afflicted fellow-creatures. The total absence of any semblance of local self-government, and the persistent refusal of King Kalakaua to make any concession of reform in this direction, would in themselves have been sufficient to justify the citizens in demonstrating for a redress of grievances. I was told by an influential resident of Honolulu that the desire for the introduction of a municipal system of government was general amongst all classes in the capital, but the king had repeatedly vetoed the proposal from the ludicrous fear that His Worship the Mayor might possibly overshadow His Majesty the King. This stupid sacrificing of the best interests of his subjects to his own petty

pride was no doubt one of the potent factors in bringing matters to a crisis.

According to the "Hawaiian Almanac and Directory," the total population of the kingdom is 80,000, and as 23,000 of these were officially returned as Roman Catholics, I inquired my way to the Cathedral, and found it situated on a spacious reserve in Fort Street, with the residence of Bishop Hermann adjoining. Congregationalism and Catholicism seem to be the only religions that have made any distinct headway in the islands. In its exterior aspect the Catholic cathedral is an extensive oblong structure with walls of dazzling whiteness, and internally its lavist ornamentation is calculated to strike the colonial visitor with considerable surprise. Coming from a land in which churches are decorated with a chaste and well-ordered refinement, he is naturally astonished at the broad and massive effects that are here produced. It is only when he remembers that this cathedral was designed for a semi-civilized people, who are more strongly impressed through the medium of the eye than the ear, that he begins to realize a certain appropriateness in his surroundings. Everybody knows that the Catholic Church has a happy knack of accommodating itself to its environment in every conceivable condition of life, and of making itself perfectly at home from the equator to the poles. The strong theatrical flavour about this

Honolulu cathedral may be an embarrassment to a Catholic from another clime, but it is the most effective way to reach the hearts and minds of an imaginative native race. Instead of the modest little crucifix that surmounts the high altars of our colonial churches, and serves to remind the worshipper of the great mystery of the Redemption, we see here the whole dread tragedy of Calvary set forth with a lurid detail and a dramatic intensity that would be likely to give the nervous spectator that peculiar sensation which is commonly called the "creeps." But then it has to be borne in mind that such a striking religious tableau will be a more effective instructor to the native converts than ten thousand elaborate sermons on the doctrine of the Atonement. The latter would be simply thrown away, whilst the vision of the suffering Man-God remains ever present to the receptive native mind. The mistake most travellers make is in viewing these scenes from the standpoint of their own superior knowledge and civilization, and never reflecting that picture-books and object-lessons are the best, and indeed the only effective modes of instruction for children and savages. The "Altar of our Lady" on the right challenged attention by virtue of its splendid statue of the Blessed Virgin, and the number and variety of the floral tributes that were piled up all around it. Every native girl who entered the Cathedral

during my visit brought a wreath or a bouquet, and when I took my departure the altar was one mass of floral decoration, in which were to be seen specimens of all the delightful flowers that grow in the gardens of Honolulu. Wherever the native turns his eye in this suggestive cathedral, he sees something designed to elevate his mind above the things of earth. The arched ceiling with its oblong spaces crowded with gilded religious symbols; the massive chandeliers suspended from angelic fingers aloft; the elaborately-sculptured pulpit surmounted with a silver dove; the numerous figures of angels ascending heavenwards with hands pointing to the skies; the collection of ecclesiastical paintings with which the walls are embellished; and the thirty-five statues of saints standing at equal distances on a ledge that completes a circuit of the building; all are powerful aids to devotion and picturesque sermons to a people whose immediate ancestors roasted and ate their enemies, and murdered Captain Cook, the Columbus of Australia. Just as the stern solidity of Gothic architecture is said by Emerson to be only an embodiment in stone of the dark melancholy trees of northern forests, so, contrariwise, the bright and pleasing airiness of this cathedral on a Pacific island seems to symbolize in concrete form the glorious skies and gorgeous flowers of Honolulu.

It was a Saturday afternoon when I visited the

Cathedral, and, as is customary in Catholic churches all over the world at that particular time, the confessionals were surrounded by penitents of both sexes. Hawaiians or natives formed a considerable majority of those present; Chinese came next in numbers, and of whites I could not descry more than a dozen. The natives apparently have not yet taken kindly to such appurtenances of civilization as chairs or seats, for most of them squatted on the floor to await their turn at the confessional, although there were seats in abundance all around them. They probably find themselves more comfortable in the ancient attitude of their fathers. Nearly all the natives had prayer-books in the Hawaiian dialect, but the Chinese contented themselves with "telling their beads"—the phrase frequently applied to the well-known popular devotion of the rosary. A pious Mongolian is somewhat of a phenomenon to colonial eyes, although there was once a Chinese Catholic priest attached to St. Francis' Church in Melbourne. He was imported specially to lead his countrymen in Melbourne out of their pagan darkness, but I am not aware that he accomplished anything deserving the name of a religious revolution in the Chinese quarter of the city. But, judging from the number of Chinese I saw in the Cathedral that Saturday afternoon, and from their uniformly reverential demean-

our, the French priests of Honolulu seem to have been remarkably successful in inducing the Mongolians to abandon Joss and embrace Christianity. The Chinese element is very strong in the Sandwich Islands, amounting in the aggregate to 18,000 souls, according to the official almanac. In 1886 the whole of their quarter in Honolulu was destroyed by fire, and the loss of property exceeded a million dollars. It has since been entirely rebuilt, and there is now not a trace of the recent calamity. Walking through the new Phoenix-like Chinatown, one is amazed at the multiplicity of trades that the Celestials have succeeded in mastering. Every known department of human industry is here represented, and to observe the deftness with which the Chinaman works the sewing-machine is a revelation in itself. The wealthy ones amongst them may be seen driving about in great state with their wives, who are arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. The native women, too, are exceedingly fond of bright colours, and their loose flowing garments of green, blue, yellow, white or scarlet—so admirably adapted to the tropical climate in which they live—contribute largely to the animated and kaleidoscopic character of the streets of Honolulu.

Being within five days' steaming from the western coast of America, these islands, with their valuable

plantations of sugar and rice, are naturally an object of affectionate interest to the United States, whose Government has of late years been exercising what is practically a protectorate over the group. It is rather anomalous to see a republic protecting a monarchy, but Brother Jonathan knows what he is about. He is Americanizing Honolulu very rapidly, and he sees that the day is within measurable distance when he will have sufficient local strength to kick the cardboard throne of Hawaii into the Pacific, and add an insular state to the Union.



3.—A Stamper through the States.



SAN FRANCISCO, Sancho and Ballarat are, in a literal sense, the three golden cities of the golden-trio of celebrated centres of auriferous districts that have given to commerce and civilization a continuous supply of the precious metal for well-nigh forty years. And although the world-famed Californian city is separated by the broad Pacific from its Australian companions in renown, yet there is an intimate bond of union between them, the affectionate relationship of parent and children. For it is a well-known fact that the Californian discoveries of 1845, even the direct and immediate cause of the opening-up of the great Australian goldfields in 1851. For both Ballarat and Bendigo (as Sancho is generally designated) would have, under all circumstances, been compelled to disclose their store of untapped riches ere the Californian mines—Hargreaves and Parnassus—would seem to have been the instruments chosen by

fate for the purpose. They used their eyes and their faculties of observation to good purpose in the "gulches" of California, and they recrossed the Pacific in the full assurance and belief that the "gullies" of Australia would be found equally prolific in the production of the precious metal. And they were right, as the £300,000,000 worth of gold that has since been raised to the surface in Australia amply testifies.

This historical connection with the colonies at the inception of their national life, combined with the fact that it is the nearest American city to their shores and the first republican soil on which most of them set foot, makes San Francisco a place of more than ordinary interest to travelling Australians. The "Golden Gate," by which it is approached from the Pacific, was obscured to our gaze by a dense fog on the Sunday morning when our Australian steamer appeared in front of it. We waited outside as impatiently as an expectant holiday audience who knows that, behind the uninteresting dull green curtain, a succession of charming stage pictures is hidden from view. The conquering day-god at length asserted his supremacy and dissipated the intrusive vapours, revealing a commanding fortified headland on the left, and a still more lofty eminence on the right, with the Cliff House picturesquely crowning its summit, and looking down on the

A SLEETER THING OF THE WATER

far-famed Sea Rocks were in view and the
of all patriotic San Franciscans. Looking down
through this now truly golden gate at the glowing
beams of the summer sun and seeing the
the two rocky points and a mass of water
to our eyes, the whole scene of the bay and
San Francisco was gradually unfolded. A vast sea
surface dotted with white-moving vessels, ves-
boats crowded with smiling passengers, and
further distance showed a range of snow-
capped peaks. As we glided over the
placid waters of this harbor of refuge, we
we had striking evidence of the commercial im-
portance of San Francisco as a harbor and the number
of ships of every kind and of every country
we passed. The place is indeed rapidly fulfilling its
destiny as the undisputed commercial metropolis of
Western America, the great outlet for the com-
modities of the entire west, the great
area, and the one prolific source of supply for the
populous and prosperous regions between the
Mountains and the sea. At the top of the
Telegraph Hill—a conspicuous object in the
scape by reason of the extensive building complex,
a signal station and an observatory, with which the
summit is covered—the city commands the view
itself on our right, and we were soon enabled to find

midst of a howling army of hotel touts, all simultaneously shouting the names of the establishments they represented, and each striving his best to excel his rivals in the vigour with which he extolled the manifold perfections of his particular house. The result was a Babelish scene that beggared description, and was all the more inharmonious and unbecoming from its rude disturbance of the stillness of the Sabbath morn.

But no consideration, as we soon learned, is sacred enough to deter an average Californian from doing business. Life, and bustle, and enterprise are the essential characteristics of San Francisco. Its streets have a singular sort of aggressive vivacity; its distinctive marts of commerce are active beyond even the Australian criterion of commercial activity, and the Almighty Dollar is worshipped with an ardour and a publicity and a cynical candour that most other cities endeavour to cover with a conventional veil of propriety. The trading instinct has, as a matter of fact, taken a far stronger hold of San Francisco than of the kindred Australian cities that have been similarly created by the magical wand of gold. Melbourne, for example, whose history is almost parallel, both in time and circumstances, to that of San Francisco, has likewise developed into a place of considerable trade, but its material prosperity has

been accompanied by a laudable and successful cultivation of the fine arts as well, and by the erection of many institutions dedicated to the purposes of the higher intellectual life. The comparative fewness of such institutions in San Francisco cannot fail to strike the Australian visitor. He sees miles and miles of towering business establishments devoted to every known department of commercial life, but he can find but little evidence of those of art and science. The go-ahead community recognises the great truth that men live not by bread alone, but by truth. Perhaps, in the near future, the San Franciscans will make up their minds to strive for a higher idealism, and not allow all their energies to be absorbed in money-making to the detriment of the artistic side of their nature. At present the few literary institutions they possess are the *Library of the City of San Francisco*—a small, stuffy, and inconvenient place, which is far from creditable to a city of the size and importance of San Francisco. The fact is that the wages of the labour, and the expense which other cities incur on their public buildings are mainly directed in San Francisco towards the erection and adornment of the palatial hotels. These gigantic caravanserais—the "Palace," the "Baldwin," the "Occidental,"—constitute the great shows of San Francisco. It is in particular, where most of our Americans go to

gers sojourned, is an edifice planned and constructed on a colossal scale of magnificence. It occupies an entire block in the heart of the city, rises to a height of seven stories, and can accommodate more than a thousand guests at a time. All that art and wealth combined can achieve has been brought to bear on its internal ornamentation, and at night, when the vast structure is illuminated by countless electric lights, the spectacle is so enchanting as to seem like a realization of one of the fairy visions of youth.

To turn from this modern marvel to the ancient *Mission Dolores* is to put back the clock for a century, to recall a time when the sandy peninsula on which San Francisco is built was a silent waste, and when the only white men on the scene were the few humble hard-working Spanish missionaries, who had come to convert the Indians to Christianity. The *adobe*, or clay-built church, which they erected in 1776, under the title of the *Mission Dolores*, still stands at the corner of Sixteenth and Dolores Streets, the one venerable memorial that San Francisco possesses, the "most remarkable spot in all America," as Sir Charles Dilke describes it in his "Greater Britain."

No conscientious visitor to San Francisco feels that he has done his duty until he drives out through the capacious and well-ordered Golden Gate Park to the cliffs overhanging the Pacific, gazes reflectively on the

glorious ocean view that is spread out before him, and interests himself in the playful gambols of the seals on the rocks below. A second obligation that he feels he must needs discharge is the tour of Chinatown, which, if a more varied and exciting experience, is scarcely as pleasant as the excursion to the Pacific heights. The Chinese form a large and very appreciable element in the population of the metropolis of Western America, and, true to their gregarious instincts, they have crowded themselves into one district, and constituted a city within a city. This most conservative of races carries all its peculiar traditions and characteristics with it wherever it goes, so that in every community its position is invariably and necessarily one of strict isolation. The Celestial quarter of San Francisco has, no doubt, its picturesque aspects in the long rows of fantastically arranged shops of every description, the multiplicity of suspended coloured lanterns they display, and the barbaric gorgeousness of the costumes that are frequently encountered; but the repulsive features are continually obtruding themselves in the shape of an alien population, packed like eardines within a woefully insufficient space, living in open defiance of hygienic laws, and in abject slavery to the opium fiend. To visit one of the multitudinous opium dens with which this human rabbit-warren abounds, is deemed a sacred

duty by the majority of inquisitive tourists ; but the Australians amongst them only see, certainly on a much magnified scale, a spectacle that is just as common in the Chinese quarters of their own cities of Melbourne and Sydney. Through dark and devious ways they are conducted from the glittering and gaily-clad shopping thoroughfares into dimly-lighted, cellar-like apartments, fitted with bunks or recesses on every side, in which Chinese of all sorts and conditions of life are seen reclining and exhibiting the various phases of that fascinating form of mental intoxication which is so graphically and analytically portrayed in the luminous pages of De Quincey.

After a few days agreeably spent in the vigorous metropolis of the West, we turned our faces eastward and commenced our scamper through the States from San Francisco to New York, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. We started on a bright and cloudless afternoon, having first been ferried across an arm of the bay in a huge paddle-boat to the suburb of Oakland, where the Atlantic express was in waiting to take us to the Mormon frontier, the end of the first stage of this longest of terrestrial railway journeys. We had not travelled many miles before we were presented with our first striking illustration of the ingenuity, the skilfulness, and the audacity with which the Americans are wont to triumph over every natural

obstacle in the path of their railway progress. We came to a broad, unbridgeable expanse of water, formed by the combined streams of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers as they flowed towards the Bay of San Francisco, and, to our astonishment, the whole train, comprising two engines and fourteen carriages, was run on to a gigantic ferry-boat and thus carried bodily over to the other side. Such an original proceeding as this is characteristically American. Yankee engineers are apparently of the same opinion as Sir Boyle Roche, that "the best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump in the face." An engineer of any other clime under the sun, if confronted by a similar obstacle, would never have thought of such a daring expedient as the construction of a ferry-boat large enough and strong enough to carry a heavy train across. He would just cast his cautious professional eye over the broad estuary before him, demurely shake his head, and proceed to survey a detour of many miles in consequence of this, to him, insuperable difficulty. And a careful, prudent policy of this sort often proves in the end to be the wisest and the best, for the dashing, reckless sort of railway engineering that the Americans affect is by no means a model to be recommended for universal imitation, as their magnificent conceptions have a nasty habit of coming to grief occasionally and of involving in

their destruction a deplorable loss of life. The voyage in a railway train on top of the aforesaid Brobdingnagian ferry-boat between Port Costa and Benicia is no doubt a very pleasant novelty to the passing tourist, but few would care to be compelled to make a daily trip on such a precarious, new-fangled substitute for the orthodox bridge or viaduct.

At Benicia our train resumed its journey on *terra firma*, and we ran for the remainder of the afternoon through extensive agricultural areas. Towards sunset we came in sight of Sacramento city, which, though an incomparably smaller and less important place than San Francisco, is nevertheless the political capital of the State of California, in accordance with that prevailing American rule which decrees that centrality must count for more than commercial importance in the selection of a State capital. Its Capitol, or house of assembly for the local legislature, is an edifice of massive proportions, whose towering, gracefully-arched dome stands out in vivid relief against the gradually darkening sky. When 10 o'clock comes round, our negro conductor begins to bestir himself, and to work out that interesting process by which our comfortably-cushioned and luxuriously-appointed Pullman car becomes quickly transformed into an equally comfortable and luxurious dormitory on wheels. He pulls a ring in the sloping

secondary roof, and immediately the roof descends, and is held in its place at right angles to the side of the carriage by a stout iron chain. From the receptacle thus revealed, he brings forth every requisite, and in a few minutes he has prepared an upper and a lower sleeping-berth, that are far more commodious and agreeable in every way than those that obtain on the majority of ocean steamers. Thus he successively metamorphoses each compartment in the carriage, and, when he has completed his chambermaid business, he draws a thick curtain down the whole way on each side, leaving but a narrow passage in the centre of the car, and securing perfect privacy to the occupants of each compartment. Passengers may enter into possession of their appointed berths whenever they please, and, at midnight, when all have retired, and when the vivacious young lady passengers have ceased to titter at the novelty of the situation and to exchange confidential impressions in the loudest of whispers, then the negro attendant turns down the lights and proceeds to improvise a bed for himself in the smoking-room at the rear of the car.

In crossing the continent one comes in contact with almost every type of negro conductor—the serious and the humorous, the stately and the unassuming, the distant and the familiar, the talkative

and the reserved. But, as a rule, they are very careful, obliging and attentive to their duties, and, at the end of each stage, it is the custom to make a little collection on their behalf, each passenger generally contributing a quarter of a dollar, which is equivalent to a shilling of our money. Some of these sable guardians have quite an extensive budget of comical incidents stored in their memories, and they are not averse to giving a sympathetic audience the benefit of their experiences. The lively little negro who had charge of us from Salt Lake City to Denver, and who would make a sparkling "corner-man" in a travelling minstrel company, was wont to keep the ladies perpetually laughing at his droll stories and the still droller way he had of telling and acting them. While he was with us, the beds were made up every night to a continuous accompaniment of rippling merriment. He narrated how, on one very hot and oppressively-close evening, a restless lady passenger, resolving to obtain coolness at any cost, violently kicked off her blankets, but in doing so she unfortunately overlooked the fact that her own clothes were stacked near the window that she had thrown open before retiring in order to admit some fresh air. Thus it was that in her struggles to cool herself she inadvertently kicked her wearing apparel out of the window, with the embarrassing result that

next morning she was constrained to make her blushing appearance airily attired in a hat, stockings and a blanket, all that was left after her vigorous kicking performances of the previous sultry night. On another occasion, a male passenger of giant proportions, finding his berth too small for the length of his corporeal frame, thrust his feet through the open window as the best and most comfortable solution of the difficulty. When he awoke in the morning he found, to his intense disgust that his pedal extremities had changed colour during the night. They had been covered with a thick coating of tar by some roadside station humorist, who, seeing them dangling outside the window, was unable to resist the temptation to play off a practical joke at the expense of the heavily-slumbering giant.

The morning after we left San Francisco found us laboriously climbing up the steep sides of the snow-clad Sierra Nevada. Our engines were palpably working at high pressure, panting and puffing forth huge volumes of fiery smoke, that streaked the dazzling whiteness all around. We ran for many miles through a long series of snow-sheds, the railway line being strongly timbered in overhead and on both sides to prevent a recurrence of what was formerly a frequent incident in this region of the Sierras—a total suspension of the traffic through the vast accu-

mulations of the mountain snows on the track. An hour's slow and toilsome traction brought us to the topmost tier of this lofty range, and then we had a taste of the opposite extreme, for we ran down the eastern declivity at a tremendous pace, speedily leaving the golden State of California behind us and rushing like a whirlwind on the silver soil of Nevada. We pulled up for breakfast at the frontier town of Reno, and there we got our first glimpse of the idol of our youthful imagination, the noble Red Indian of the western wilds. There was, it must be confessed, very little of the heroic or the romantic discernible in the unkempt, lazy-looking contingent of red men and red women whom we saw half-sitting and half-lying on the platform at Reno. One of them certainly looked a superior sort of personage, a figure suggestive in some degree of the picturesque Indian of popular fiction, as he stood sullenly erect, clad in a bright-coloured blanket, and crowned with an elaborate head-dress of feathers. But the rest seemed to be sadly in need of a good sleep. The only member of the group who showed any signs of interest in the arrival of the train was a young mother, who, prompted no doubt by a feeling of maternal pride, promenaded the platform with her two-year-old baby or "papoose" strapped to her back in a curiously constructed wooden niche. To

A SCAMPER TRIP IN THE STATE

our wondering eyes the youngster, having finished standing suspended in his little car, seemed somewhat uncomfortable: but, as far from appearing to suffer any inconvenience, he only seemed perfectly at his ease and surveyed the crowd of interested spectators with a self-satisfied air of infinite importance. At the next station—Vindsworth—we made the acquaintance of another and a more agreeable lot of Indians, amongst them about a dozen smart and merry boys, who were remarkably expert in the use of the bow and arrow. They gave us an admirable exhibition of straight shooting, and fairly won all the five-cent pieces that were thrown in them in recognition of their sharpness of eye and readiness of hand. The principal test of their abilities was the pinning of a piece of white paper, varying in extent, to a tree; and, from a distance of twenty yards, these young Indian archers would take aim in succession, and, in almost every instance, they pierced the little piece of paper with their arrows. Here also a Japanese was an object of interest, but in this case the arch or national costume was not suspended on the back of the mother. It was detached, and the child's features were covered with a thick green veil as a protection against the rays of the sun and the attacks of the sandflies. This veil the mother refused to raise unless visibly with

place a quarter-dollar in her outstretched palm. The prescribed fee was paid, and she gratified the curiosity of the crowd with a peep at her precious papoose, which, it must be acknowledged, had more substantial claims to be considered a beauteous babe than the one we had seen at Reno.

After leaving Wadsworth, we ran for a considerable distance through a thickly-timbered country that strongly reminded us of the familiar Australian bush. Clearings appeared at intervals, in which hard-working pioneer settlers were bravely subduing the forest and laying the foundations of their future homes. Their primeval log cabins were an interesting and suggestive sight by day, and at night an occasional solitary light in the surrounding gloom told us of their presence still more impressively. But, lonely and isolated as is their present lot, the near future has something far different in store for them. They will soon have plenty of company, more perhaps than they desire. At a further stage of our journey we met whole caravans of emigrants going westward to settle down on these virgin lands, and it is a safe prophecy that in a year or two, instead of solitary cabins here and there throughout the Nevada forests, the passengers on the overland railway will see an uninterrupted series of flourishing agricultural settlements.

Leaving the sterile forest region behind us, we entered on vast white uninhabited plains, circumscribed by ranges of snow-covered mountains. Here we witnessed for the first time that singular atmospheric illusion known as the mirage. "Look, look," cried our negro conductor, pointing through the window on our right. We looked, and to our wonder and delight, what a moment before was an objectless expanse of sandy whiteness had become instantaneously adorned by the presence of a lovely lake, encompassed by a fringe of stately trees. It was a natural transformation scene, which, for rapidity and seeming reality, could not be paralleled on any stage in the world. While it lasted, the picture was so perfect in every detail that all gazed in admiration, and nobody ventured a doubt that the trees and the water were fanciful things of air. Yet such they were, for the beautiful vision suddenly vanished as speedily as it came, and there was nothing left to distinguish the scene it had apparently occupied from the surrounding monotonous white plains. This interesting phenomenon is of frequent occurrence hereabouts, as is shown by the circumstance that one of the roadside stations is named "Mirage," and Australian tourists are recommended to keep on the alert so as not to miss seeing a spectacle of singular, if but momentary, beauty.

Two hours after we enjoyed this novel experience, we were introduced to a scene that was almost as delightful and had the additional merit of being real, not delusive. This was the roadside station of Humboldt, a veritable oasis in the wilderness of white plains through which we had so long been running and had still to run. Connected with the station was a well-built, well-appointed hotel, with fountains of the clearest water playing in front, and a large and carefully-tended garden all around. The horizon might be scanned in vain for any other human habitation—nothing but an uninterrupted white expanse on every side—so it can easily be imagined what a welcome relief this highly-cultivated and gracefully-ornamented spot must be to the passing traveller. How such admirable and gratifying results were produced in the midst of apparent barrenness seems a mystery at first sight, but one word supplies the needful solution—industry—unflagging industry, the only means by which the desert can be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Unlike the fleeting vision we saw from our carriage-windows, we could now verify appearances by touching the trees with our fingers, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, and filling our hands with the crystal waters of the fountains.

Some time during our second night on the railway

track, whilst we were blissfully sleeping in our cosy berths, we passed out of the State of Nevada near its north-eastern corner and entered the land of the Mormons, the home of the much-married, the sacred soil of Utah territory. On awakening, we found ourselves skirting the shores of the Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of North America. For some distance the railway ran on a direct level with the lake, and followed its contour so closely that an expert swimmer could easily have dived from the carriage-doors into its silent, motionless waters. It is difficult to convey any adequate idea of the awful stillness that reigns over this vast inland sea. Not a ripple disturbs its surface, not a wave breaks on its lonely shore. You gaze across its seemingly paralyzed waters to the blue mountains in the far distance without seeing a bird, or a boat, or any evidence whatever of life. All is "silence deep as death," and whilst there is a certain sublimity in such a scene of desolation, we are not sorry to leave it behind us and turn our thoughts to the more enlivening contemplation of the numerous Mormon farms—comfortable-looking homes and centres of industrious activity—that unfolded themselves to our view as we advanced up the Utah valley. At Ogden we reached an important Mormon outpost and the end of the first stage of our transcontinental trip. Here we

breakfasted and amused ourselves for a while in surveying the caricatures of Mormon life and doctrine that were exposed for sale on the bookstalls. One of these pictorial reflections on the reigning religious powers was intensely comical. It was entitled "The Elder's Happy Home." It represented nine wives all in the height of feminine rage, tearing each other's hair out by the roots and doing their very best to damage one another's features, whilst a host of quarrelsome children, taking after their mothers, had started a riot on their own account and were sprawling all over the floor. Looking down on this scene of uproar, this domestic tornado, and evidently powerless to check its violence, was the unfortunate head of this distracted household—the too-much married Mormon elder—wringing his hands in despair and exhibiting a ludicrously woe-begone expression of countenance. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when the public exhibition of an insulting travesty like this, holding up to ridicule the cardinal principle of the Mormon Church, would have been visited with severe imprisonment, and might possibly have resulted in the sacrifice of the daring satirist's life. But the Mormons are no longer in supreme power in the territory of their choice, and they have to bear with a good many annoyances at the hands of the intrusive Gentiles, that would not have been

indicated for an instant in the old way of life and religious observance. Under any circumstances a gradual increase of the Gentile population in that midst was inevitable, and the construction of a railway connecting them with all the great cities of North America had the natural effect of bringing crowds of strangers to the modest town and thereby hastening the downfall of the Mormon power by destroying the isolation in which the peculiar people had previously dwelt.

A brisk run of two hours through highly-cultivated fields, watered by swift streams, gradually brought from the lofty snow-clad Wasatch Mountains on our left, landed us in the famous Salt Lake City, the headquarters of the Mormon Church and one of the most interesting spots on the face of the earth. Here we broke our journey for a course of days which we utilized in studying Mormon institutions and making ourselves acquainted with the opinions and sentiments of the "latter-day saints." The impressions and experiences of our stay in Salt Lake City are deserving of separate treatment, and are therefore held over for the present.

From the Mormon capital to Denver, the queen city of the plains, is the second and the most romantic section of the railway-line that links the Pacific to the Atlantic. The gauge of construction on this

section is somewhat narrow, being only three feet in width, with the inevitable result that there is considerable oscillation of the carriages at times, and some little discomfort to the passengers in consequence. But these minor inconveniences are scarcely felt in the presence of the majestically-sublime scenery along this favoured route. The narrowness of gauge, one quickly perceives, was a matter, not of choice, but of absolute necessity. When you find yourself speeding along the bottom of a deep and dark ravine, with a mountain torrent rushing past beneath your carriage on one side, and on the other, so close that you are afraid to put your nose out of the window, a stupendous wall of solid rock towering perpendicularly for many hundreds of feet over your head, your wonder is, not the narrowness of the gauge, but how it was possible to find room for a train to pass along such a small margin of space at all. From beginning to end, this Denver and Rio Grande railway is one long series of scenes of indescribable grandeur. Climbing up the steep sides of the Rocky Mountains, this miracle of modern engineering crosses the great backbone of the North American continent at a height of more than two miles above the plains beneath. In commencing the ascent, the passenger is particularly struck by the exceeding sharpness of some of the curves, and by the fantastic forms that the huge rocks

on both sides of the track assume from time to time. Massive boulders are frequently seen piled on top of each other to enormous heights, giving the appearance of gigantic monumental pillars, and causing nervous people to shudder at the consequences if one of them happened to fall while the train was passing. At other times the rocky formations take the shape of fortified ramparts, battlemented towers, symmetrically-formed pyramids, and ancient castles, all so realistic in appearance and so complete in detail as almost to compel the belief that they were carefully fashioned by human hands, and not thrown into their present position by the mighty forces of nature. Once, after having been whirled around a very sharp curve, a glorious mountain landscape was revealed, and, whilst we were admiring its manifold beauties of crag, and precipice, and sequestered hollow, our negro conductor, pointing to the south, exclaimed, "Look at the city." Turning our eyes in the direction indicated, what was our surprise to see, apparently only a few miles distant, a singularly-striking resemblance to a modern city, with its regular rows of houses, lofty church spires, extensive public buildings, and open spaces at intervals. It was almost as picturesque an illusion as the *mirage* we had seen in the desert, with this essential difference, that, whereas the latter had no tangible existence, but was merely an atmo-

spheric picture reflected on the earth, the former had a broad foundation of fact, inasmuch as it was a vast area of rocks of all sizes and shapes, so artistically grouped during some great convulsive process of nature as to convey to the distant spectator the aspect and the impression of a well-built, well-equipped city. Castle Gate is the appropriate name given to a narrow crevice in a towering wall of rock, through which a foaming torrent makes its way, leaving barely room on one side for the train to pass. The stately portals of this colossal natural gateway reared their heads to a height of more than 500 feet, and, being composed of a bright red sandstone, with numerous trees of pine and fir around their base, they constituted a resplendent scene when illuminated by the warm glow of the afternoon sunshine. The next scene in the wondrous panorama of the Rocky Mountain region was the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, a long, deep and narrow gorge, along which the green waters of the Gunnison River incessantly rush past at headlong speed. Captain Gunnison discovered this huge mountain hollow thirty-five years ago, and the discovery cost that gallant explorer his life, for he was murdered by the Indians, who were wont to assemble and light their council fires in this sequestered retreat. No Indian is now seen throughout the whole length of

this stupendous defile, for the conquering pale-faces and their irresistible steam-god have entered into exclusive possession. At times the available space between the rocky wall on the one hand and the raging river on the other, was so exceedingly narrow, that our carriages literally overhung the boiling waters beneath. Anon the gorge would open out and become less precipitous, disclosing to our uplifted eyes tier upon tier of pine and cedar trees, with here and there a waterfall descending from a dizzy height, leaping from terrace to terrace, and changing itself into a cloud of spray ere it reached the river. One cataract we saw, and which was named the Bridal Veil, came down from an immense height without meeting any obstacle in its descent, and the crystal whiteness of its waters, added to the harmonious continuity of its outline, made it an object of surpassing beauty, on which all eyes lingered in admiration. Sometimes pinnacles came in view that proudly reared their lofty heads to an elevation of two or three thousand feet. One of these, an isolated mass of red sandstone called Currecanti Needle, stood like a vigilant sentinel in charge of this wonderful ravine. Broad and clothed with verdure at its base, it gradually tapered until its summit in the clouds seemed as fine as the point of a needle. The sharpness of the curves in this Black Cañon of the Gun-

nison—a necessary consequence of the natural formation—is enough to take away the breath of the nervous passenger. There were times when our engine actually appeared to be running in a direction diametrically opposite to that of the majority of the carriages—a singular state of affairs that induced a tall reflective Yankee passenger to remark incidentally through his nose, “Stranger, I guess that thar engine is agwine ter run inter the end of this here train.”

On emerging from the depths of this Titanic hollow, to many portions of which the sun’s rays are unable to penetrate from one year’s end to the other, we found ourselves at the foot of the main range of the Rocky Mountains and immediately entered on the toilsome ascent, not without a feeling of wondering curiosity as to how it was possible for a heavy train to climb over the prodigious barrier that loomed so high and so majestically above our heads. But American patience and perseverance triumph over every earthly obstacle, and we soon became cognizant of the fact that we had left the pleasant lowlands far behind and beneath us. Our panting engine continued for hours to draw us upward and onward. Sometimes we were on the verge of tremendous precipices, down which it needed no small amount of courage to gaze ; sometimes we passed through storm-swept forests, mighty even in their desolation ; some-

times we saw on each side huge masses of rock that seemed to have been torn asunder and strewn about after a great volcanic convulsion, until at length we entered the regions of eternal snow on the topmost peaks of the range, and finally, after having climbed a height of 11,000 feet, our heated engines stopped for a quarter of an hour to draw breath and cool their hard-pressed machinery. We were now in Marshall Pass, two miles up in the air, surrounded by snows, standing, so to speak, on the backbone of the North American continent. Most of our passengers left their seats and went out into the cold rarefied air of the mountains, some to indulge in a game of snowballing, others to enjoy the luxury of a brisk walk, and not a few to stand in silent admiration of the unapproachable scenery which it is the privilege of the spectator to command who surveys the horizon from the summit of the Rockies. A panorama of snowy peaks is spread out beneath and around him; green valleys, dark forests, and bright streams are discerned in the distance; a most diversified prospect is revealed on every side, and over all there reigns a silence in keeping with the spirit of the scene—profound, mysterious and sublime.

The descent of the eastern face of the Rocky Mountains is accomplished by means of a succession of skilfully-constructed zigzag curves, some of

along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road, the sky forms a deep blue arch of light; but in the gorge hang dark and sombre shades, which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls on either side. Here the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub; and there a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate these solitudes. The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar."

At the outlet of this great ravine, a rising substantial town has sprung up under the name of Canon City, and its alleged virtues as a health resort were brought very prominently under our notice by enterprising local advertisers. A passage from one of the handbooks they distributed amongst us may be quoted as illustrating the vigour and the freedom, bordering upon profanity, with which the Americans invariably trumpet forth the praises of their newly-fledged towns, or rather cities, for a little settlement composed of a score of houses, a couple of hotels, and a blacksmith's shop, which would be modestly called a township in Australia, is always dignified by anticipation with the title of city in the Western States of America. "Canon, the Silver Gate

City," cries out the local "boomer," "rightfully claims to be the best winter resort in Colorado. There are few places like it, where one can seek refreshment and rest, and enjoy such a variety of attractions as are found in its rugged scenery, almost within sight of a neat little brick-built city, supplied with all the advance improvements of these progressive times." Here follows a detailed description of the attractions and improvements referred to, and the local literary trumpeter concludes in this somewhat irreverent strain:—"To these are added the attraction of always tidy streets and substantially erected buildings, our really first-class hotels, banks as solid as the eternal hills, churches, lodges, clubs and reading rooms that are inviting to the godly, the literary, and the devotee of pleasure alike. Great opportunities are here offered for speculation and investment, besides for basking in the sunlight and mildness of the best protected and brightest spot in the Rocky Mountain region—Canon City, Colorado."

When we reached the neighbourhood of Manitou Springs, a romantically-situated and health-giving resort at the base of Pike's Peak, one of the snow-crowned monarchs of the Rocky Mountains, we lost a number of our travelling companions from San Francisco, who resolved on remaining in this far-

famed sanatorium for a season. Soon the great city of Denver came in sight. This metropolis of the State of Colorado, this "Queen City of the Plains," as it is usually designated, is another wondrous instance of the miracles that are rapidly wrought by the discovery of immense mineral wealth. A few years ago and it was a small, unknown and unimportant western town; to-day it is a second San Francisco—one of the largest, brightest and wealthiest cities in the Union, for it is the centre of an extensive and prolific gold and silver mining region. Its position is remarkably picturesque, and probably no city in the world has such a magnificent background as Denver has been favoured with by reason of its close proximity to the sky-piercing Rockies. It may be said to mark the spot where the mountains leave off, and the far-reaching plains or prairies begin. Along this fertile, cultivated level country we bowled for hours and hours, stopping now and then at rising towns, in which the characteristic American activity was plainly conspicuous. Our journey through the three States of Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois was an almost regular succession of small towns and smiling farms, the only exceptionally noteworthy feature being the immense iron bridge with which the lordly Mississippi is spanned at the town of Burlington, and by which the two

last-named States are connected. This is another of those daringly ambitious engineering feats that strike the visitor to Yankeeland with astonishment, and, at the same time, cause him to indulge in a little honest self-congratulation when he arrives in safety on the other side. It is a leviathan of bridges, for it is a mile in length, and the slow speed of the train in crossing it gives it the appearance of being even longer still. From its lofty elevation, on such a fine summer morn as it was our privilege to enjoy, there is a glorious view of the wide expanse of the "Father of Waters," the busy steamboat traffic, and the well laid out city of Burlington on its western bank. During the five hours that it takes to traverse the distance between Burlington and Chicago, we are never out of sight of pleasant green fields and prosperous-looking farmhouses, and it is not without a feeling of regret that we leave those natural joys behind us, and enter the smoky and far from prepossessing outskirts of the celebrated commercial metropolis on the southern shores of Lake Michigan. Chicago has no claim to beauty in any aspect, for its situation is extremely low and flat, but there is no denying its commercial supremacy and its exceeding importance as a distributing centre, for these facts are palpably attested by its long rows of massive warehouses and business establishments,

stretching in every direction, and recalling recollections of the Tower of Babel by reason of the prodigious height to which many of them have been carried. To the world in general, Chicago is chiefly known as a city that was once completely wiped out of existence by the fiery fiend, and that arose, phoenix-like, from its ashes, with astounding celerity. Beyond a doubt there is no similar example of rapid civic resurrection on record, and the unprecedented energy they displayed in building up, without a moment's delay, a new and greater city on the smouldering ruins of the one that had just been destroyed, is a monumental event in their history, of which the citizens of Chicago have every reason to be proud. The new Chicago possesses an admirably arranged and no less admirably managed Public Library, under the control of Dr. Poole, to whom the literary world is indebted for the compilation of an invaluable work of reference — an alphabetical index to the periodical literature of the last half-century.

Chicago is a convenient resting-place on the long transcontinental journey, although there is nothing deserving the name of scenery roundabout. Most people make it a point to visit some one of the numerous slaughter-yards in the neighbourhood, for Chicago is renowned for the colossal scale on which

it kills pigs and converts them into pork. But except to those who are directly interested in the business, the sights of the slaughter-yard do not constitute a particularly attractive or refining spectacle, and in all probability the people who most enjoy their brief stay in Chicago are those who content themselves with leisurely strolling through its crowded and busy thoroughfares, and noting the various types of the human family that are continually being encountered, for Chicago is one of the most cosmopolitan cities on the face of the globe. Representatives of every European nationality have made it their abode, and nobody objected to their presence so long as they were satisfied to remain peaceable and industrious citizens, but unfortunately, some of them began to propagate the anarchical theories of Continental revolutionists, with the result that there have been collisions between the forces of order and disorder, that murderous infernal machines have been manufactured and used, and that valuable lives have been lost in the streets of Chicago. At the time of our visit a protracted conflict between labour and capital was still in progress, and the whole building trade of the city was disorganized and thrown out of gear in consequence. But there was nothing in the nature of riotous demonstrations in the streets, although there was apparently a very general feeling of apprehension and insecurity, from the belief that it was impossible

to say what would happen so long as these strained relations between master and man existed.

From Chicago to New York is the final and not the least enjoyable stage of the railway trip across the continent. We left the metropolis of the lakes by the evening express, and when we arose from our sleeping berths next morning we found ourselves in the important town of Cleveland in the State of Ohio, on the shores of Lake Erie. For the greater part of the day we ran by the side of the blue waters of this extensive lake, or rather vast inland sea, to describe it more accurately. What closely resembled a delightfully cooling sea-breeze was wafted over its broad surface, and helped to mitigate, in no small degree, the almost tropical heat of the day. No more pleasant railway excursion could be wished for than this, for on the right the eye is gratified with long stretches of well-wooded verdant country, dotted with industrious farms and rustic retreats, whilst on the left one seems to be gazing out on the ocean, for the blue waters of the lake extend beyond the range of human vision, and the illusion is intensified by the appearance of a distant sail or two on the verge of the horizon.

At the city of Buffalo, the centre of a complex railway system, we leave the sparkling blue expanse of Lake Erie behind us, and run northwards towards its sister sea of Ontario to have a passing glimpse of that watery

wonder of the world, the Falls of Niagara. The train remains stationary for about ten minutes within a few hundred yards of the cataract, and the passengers crowd around the windows, and throng the platforms at the ends of the cars, and gaze in admiration at the waters tumbling over the precipice and filling the air with their mighty din. Niagara is an Indian word, signifying "thunder of waters," and this expressive name forcibly illustrates that faculty of happy nomenclature peculiar to the natural man, and which stands out in striking contrast to the oftentimes inane and inappropriate titles which the civilized man is so fond of attaching to the objects around him. It is not the height of these world-renowned falls that constitutes the secret of their sublimity and their powerful effect on the popular imagination. The impetuous waters of Niagara make a leap of 164 feet into the boiling pool below, but several of the cataracts we saw in the romantic gorges of the Rocky Mountains came down from a much higher elevation than this, but they were mere ribbons of water as compared with the width and seeming solidity of Niagara. They were very long and very pretty, but they were too narrow and attenuated to excite any lofty emotions in the mind. Not so with Niagara, for it is literally a wall of water, prodigious in its power, impressive in its immensity, irresistible in its might, sublime as a spectacle, and surprising as a revelation of the

strength of natural forces. The impetus the waters receive from the rapids above the fall, carries them over the chasm with a symmetrical uniformity that constitutes one of the most striking features of this singular scene, heightened as it is by close contrast with the turbulence and the turmoil that rage in the pool below, and in the precipitous ravine through which the waters rush with all possible speed, as if anxious to escape from the scene of strife. Niagara, in short, photographs itself on the memory as a natural wonder of unrivalled extent and impressiveness, a combination of elemental peace and war such as no other portion of the globe presents to the tourist's eye.

Of a far different order of beauty are the placid highlands of the Hudson—immortalized by the sympathetic pen of Washington Irving—pictures of calm repose and of dreamy delight, that captivate all hearts as we are hurried past them on our way to New York. The Hudson is the Rhine of America—its historic, romantic stream—and the quaintly-attractive hills by which it is encompassed are occupied by the magnates and celebrities of the Union, who seem to have vied with each other in the building of fairy palaces and the beautifying of their surroundings with all the luxuries of tree, and fruit, and flower, that botanical science could supply. New York has every reason to rejoice in the possession of such a superb natural approach as is

afforded by this charming valley of the Hudson. Indeed, it may be truly said that this "garden of the gods" is vastly more interesting than the prosaic place to which it leads, for New York is a city more remarkable for its trade and commerce than its devotion to the sublime and the beautiful. Anything more unsightly and abominable than the elevated railroads with which the streets of New York are afflicted, it would be difficult to imagine. They are supported by iron pillars—huge eyesores and obstructions in themselves—and the perpetual tearing along of heavily-loaded trains over the heads of the foot-passengers below, is a very severe trial to the average nervous system. But the New Yorkers have apparently grown accustomed to this aerial nuisance, and they look on with unconcern whilst engines and carriages furiously rush past their upstairs windows. No doubt these elevated railways effectually promote the object for which they were designed, viz., rapid transit from place to place in a large and populous city, but at what a cost? The permanent disfigurement of a great metropolis, and the establishment of an ever-active volcano over the heads of inoffensive citizens. Certainly, colonial cities, that have not been slow to act on American precedents, should pause and meditate a while before adopting the New York system of aerial locomotion.

The commercial capital of America has two

noble thoroughfares in Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The former is the aristocratic quarter of the city, and the sight of so many gorgeous mansions might easily induce the spectator to fancy himself for the moment in the most exclusive division of an old-world monarchical metropolis, and not in a land where all men, in theory, subscribed to the democratic doctrine of "liberty, equality and fraternity." But practice, as we all know, is continually contradicting profession, and, when men accumulate a million of money, it is not in human nature to conceal the fact, whether they be royalists or republicans. These palatial abodes that ornament the Fifth Avenue, though they may give a sharp shock to old-fashioned believers in republican simplicity, are, from the philosophical standpoint, so many substantial witnesses to the truth that the passion for personal superiority in the social sphere, and the consequent extravagance and display, flourish alike under all forms of government, and is rendered the more conspicuous in republican communities by reason of its seeming incongruity.

The Central Park—a fashionable adjunct to the Fifth Avenue—is the great sight of New York during the season, being the recognized exhibition ground for American beauty and wealth. Art and industry have combined to make this reserve the

A SCAMPY TRIP THROUGH THE STATES

most attractive resort in New York, and it is particularly rich in statues of common men. The Battery, a smaller park at the southern end of Broadway, commands a grand view of the harbor of New York, and is historically interesting as being the cradle of the chief city of the western world. It was on this spot that the early Dutch pioneers, who may be said to still survive in the delightful pages of *Knickerbocker*, established themselves, founded their little settlement at the southern extremity of the Isle of Manhattan, and laid the foundations of New Amsterdam, the antecedent title of the most modern New York. They also laid the foundations of the fortunes of their descendants, some of whom now rank amongst the richest mortals on the face of the earth. In one corner of the Battery reserve stands a building that has been identified for many a year with the American policy of "Welcome to all the nations of the earth." It is the Castle Garden immigrant depôt, where the voluntary and the involuntary exiles of older lands, often a thousand at a time, have found a temporary home whilst preparing to start life anew on the free and inspiring soil of Columbia.

New York has several high-class literary and educational institutions, the gifts of her wealthy and grateful sons. Foremost among them is the Cooper

Institute, a colossal structure of seven stories, erected and endowed by the late Peter Cooper. He expended no less a sum than 630,000 dollars on the building, and he set aside an additional 200,000 dollars for the effective carrying out of the objects he had in view in erecting it, viz., the maintenance of a free reading-room and library, and the foundation of free schools of science and art. It is a very popular and beneficent institution in every respect, and rarely have a founder's wishes been so fully and so successfully realized. The Astor Library is a valuable gift from the historic family whose name it bears, but, unlike the Cooper Institute, the conditions under which it is managed have made it more exclusive than popular. It is a superior collection of 300,000 volumes, but its literary treasures are practically inaccessible to the great majority of the people for whose use it was intended, through the operation of an absurd rule by which it is closed every afternoon punctually at five o'clock. The Lenox Library—also a gift from a generous New York citizen—is even worse off in this respect, for its managers only condescend to open it between the hours of eleven and four. It contains many books of priceless value, in addition to a unique collection of paintings and sculptures, and nothing could more strongly emphasize the general devotion of the citizens

A SCRAP OF THE NEW YORK HERALD

of New York to the August issue of the Herald, showing the prevailing indifference to the subject of libraries in their minds as respects the city of New York. The creditable state of affairs in the city of New York is the New York Herald has done a great deal to show the people of the importance of the subject. There did not seem to be anything like a want of a sympathetic response to the Herald's efforts. The Herald put the case before the people of New York in these terms:—New York is not behind other cities in the quantity or quality of her books. At the same time it would be idle to attempt to deny that which becomes more patent each year, that she sorely needs to consolidate her treasures and establish a great free public library, which will supply the needs of her citizens and reflect credit upon the city. A library to be really successful and useful in the best sense of the word must be public property. It should harmonize not only with the wants and tastes, but with the convenience of the people. To be popular it must provide not only for reading, but for lending, and it must be free. Why should New York not have a library like that of Paris or the British Museum? The city should not only have the best collection of books like its management, should be free to all.

those of the future. This is not the case with our present libraries, which are hampered with old-fashioned customs and restrictions. It is impossible to over-estimate the worth of a great library to a city. It not only confers present credit and honourable pride in its possession, but by its deep and far-reaching influence it is a very ark of safety and a light of promise for the future."

But this dignified and energetic remonstrance passed unheeded, and New York continues to be amenable to the charge of a too general indifference to the literary and art treasures in its possession. Of its wealth, commercial importance and business activity, there is abundance of evidence on every side, but one would prefer to see less of this universal pursuit of the Almighty Dollar, and more of the quiet contemplative study of the objects of beauty and instruction by the wayside. However, the American character is still in a transition stage, and has not yet solidified into permanency, so it may be hoped, and desired that the American of a coming generation will take life more leisurely than his fathers did, will recognize that constant accumulation is not after all the *summum bonum* of earthly existence, and will not allow the counting-house to continuously shut out from view the library, the picture gallery, and the art museum. Then shall New York rejoice

in the possession of a great open treasury of literature, science, and art, such as the British Museum presents to the people on the other side of the Atlantic.



4.—The City of the Saints.



ALL who have visited the sacred city of the Mormons cannot help admiring the indefatigable industry of its inhabitants, their overflowing enthusiasm, and their intense devotion to the religion of their choice, however repulsive in some respects that religion may be to the Gentile mind. Their history, too, has elements of touching interest to all who can sympathize with the victims of violent mobs and of popular persecution. Most churches have been baptized in blood, but the fate of Joseph Smith, the father of the Mormon system, was singularly terrible and tragic. It is not surprising that his followers should revere his memory as that of a prophet and a martyr, when they have constantly before their minds the remembrance of how he was pitilessly murdered on June 27, 1844, by a fanatical crowd. That sanguinary scene—an excited populace breaking into the prison at Carthage in which he was confined, and shooting him down in his solitary cell—has burnt itself into

their memories, and supplied them with a stimulus to propagate the doctrines of their murdered prophet, that has been in constant and active operation ever since. As Professor Fraser remarks in his historical sketch of Mormonism, "This shooting was the most fortunate thing that had ever happened to the Mormon cause, investing the murdered president with the halo of martyrdom, and effacing public recollection of his vices in the lustre of a glorious death." Had it not been for this tragic episode, Mormonism might have perished in its infancy, like many other extravagant religious systems, and Joseph Smith, with his angelic visits and divine revelations, might have ended his days in a lunatic asylum, like many another ill-balanced religious enthusiast. But persecution had the inevitable and the invariable result of perpetuating and solidifying what it intended to destroy. It never occurred to the raging mob who murdered Joseph Smith that, in taking his life, they were really doing his work far more effectually than he could have done it himself, had he been permitted to live; and that they were planting a thorn in the side of their country, which has continued to rankle and to irritate to this day. Yet so it was, for there stepped into the shoes of the murdered prophet a man of great natural ability, a born leader of men, an organizer of the first order of merit. This was Brigham Young, who

may be said to have been the actual founder of Mormonism as a social and ecclesiastical institution. At the call of the twelve apostles, he placed himself at the head of the persecuted "saints," persuaded them to abandon their homes in Nauvoo, Illinois, and to accompany him on a long march across the American continent in search of some suitable and secluded spot, where they would be free from popular violence, and where they would have ample room to develop into a powerful and influential commonwealth. After unexampled sufferings and privations, these pioneer pilgrims emerged from the long defile in the mountains overlooking the spacious Utah valley, and their long journey was ended, for their leader lost no time in announcing that this was the promised land of which they had been so long in quest. They entered into possession; they irrigated the arid valley with streams conducted from the snowy heights around; they laboured with prodigious industry, and their toil was rewarded with bounteous harvests and material prosperity. With masterly skill and constructive capacity, Brigham Young, president of the Mormon Church, designed a modern Mecca, and called it Salt Lake City, from its proximity to the great inland sea already referred to. This was the interesting religious metropolis into which we were ushered on the second day after our departure from San Francisco.

We were not long in Salt Lake City before we discerned its superiority in several respects to all other cities of our acquaintance, and recognized some striking evidences of the master-mind that planned it. What perhaps pleases and surprises the visitor most is to see every dwelling-house detached and surrounded by its own luxuriant garden. In this respect, the Mormons are infinitely better Christians than some of those who are fond of reviling them, and who do not scruple to draw large rents from half-a-dozen closely-packed houses, where, according to the laws of health and Christian charity, there is properly only room enough for one. The open wooden aqueducts conveying streams of pure water from the Wasatch Mountains along the streets, constitute another novel and very commendable civic reform that is well worthy of imitation in non-Mormon lands. Brigham Young surveyed the city himself at its inception, and he modelled it on the strictest mathematical lines. The streets are 130 feet in width. They intersect at right angles and thus form squares, each square having an area of ten acres. Nine of these squares constitute a ward, and the city is made up of 24 of these wards, each of which is under the spiritual supervision of a Mormon bishop. Each ward has its own meeting-house, in which a service is held every Sunday morning, and on Sunday afternoon there is a grand

general religious gathering of the inhabitants of all the wards in the world-famed Tabernacle, which is capable of holding a congregation of 12,000, and of discharging them into the open space around in a couple of minutes—an architectural secret that the designers of churches, theatres, and public buildings in other lands seem utterly unable to discover.

The Tabernacle, the Temple, the Assembly Hall, and the Endowment House occupy the Sacred Square in the centre of the city. We spent the whole of one afternoon in studying these great monuments of Mormon power. The Temple is the most commanding object in Salt Lake City, and it dominates the landscape for many a mile. Its massive granite walls, nine feet in thickness, tower aloft like a mighty sentinel guarding the Utah valley. High up on its western face, in large letters of gold, is the inscription:—"Holiness to the Lord. This is the House of the Lord, built by the church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1853." A sum exceeding £600,000 of our money, voluntarily contributed by the Mormons in the old-fashioned form of tithes, has been expended on its erection, and, at a moderate estimate, the cost of the edifice when completed in five years more, will not fall far short of three-quarters of a million. A good idea of the cosmopolitan character of Mormonism may be

gained by walking leisurely around the magnificent structure, and observing the variety of national types among the small army of stone-cutters and laborers that are continuously at work on the building of the Temple. Every European country has its representatives here, with the solitary exception of Ireland. It is a remarkable and an eloquent fact that the Mormon missionaries candidly confess that they have never been able to make any converts in their travels amongst the Irish in particular and Europe in general. "Had you ever an Irish Mormon among you?" I asked a venerable and well-known Mormon man who had told me in conversation that he had been a Mormon for forty years. I was considerably amused at his reply. "Only once in his life I can remember, and he only stopped with us for a week and then cleared out with one of our best-looking girls."

The Temple occupies the western margin of the Sacred Square, and runs into Gordon's. In the rear is the celebrated Egyptian Theatre, and the Gentile visitors here to inspect and to hear the presence on record by inscribing their names and addresses in the big book that is kept for the purpose near the entrance of the theatre. This singular edifice was built by Benjamin Franklin, and it is an enduring testimony to the wisdom of

mon-sense and practical originality. Its plain but comfortable seats provide room for a congregation of twelve thousand; its gradually sloping floor gives every one a full view of the platform on which the presiding bishop, the twelve apostles, and the choir are seated; and its oval-shaped ceiling conveys every syllable uttered by the preaching elder to the most distant corner of the building. The hearing properties of the Tabernacle are, indeed, little short of marvellous, and the courteous Mormon in attendance is only too happy to demonstrate them for the benefit of visitors. One of the simplest, and at the same time, one of the most striking tests is the dropping of a pin at the remotest end of the gallery, a distance of 250 feet from the platform on which the visitors stand. The slight sound caused by this pin coming in contact with the floor, which would scarcely be audible in an ordinary room, is heard with the utmost distinctness in all parts of this immense Tabernacle. The building rejoices in the possession of a remarkably fine-toned organ, that has been pronounced by musical experts to be one of the most valuable instruments of its class in the world. We had the good fortune to hear it one afternoon during the celebration of a children's festival, and, even to our unprofessional ears, there was a thrilling intensity in its pealing notes and a singular pathos in its softer

Young, and the husband of seven wives, was in hiding to escape arrest, and more than 100 of the "saints" had been condemned to various terms of imprisonment for not being content with one matrimonial speculation. We asked several Mormons what had become of President John Taylor, the head of their church, and in almost every instance we received the evasive reply, "Oh, he is preaching the gospel somewhere." By non-Mormon authorities we were more correctly informed that he was concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, for he died about two months afterwards in the house of a disciple in the immediate vicinity of the city. Although President Taylor was not visible in the flesh during our stay in Salt Lake City, his counterfeit presentment was to be seen in scores of shop windows. All his portraits conveyed the same idea—that of an elderly, dignified, benevolent-looking gentleman, with none of that force of character or that commanding personality which distinguished his immediate predecessor. He could never have undertaken the hard, uphill, organizing work which Brigham Young so successfully performed. His action in hiding himself as soon as the anti-polygamy law was passed affords an index to his character. It is impossible to imagine Brigham Young concealing himself in like fashion. That shrewd Napoleonic personage would either have found

some means of directly defeating the new law, we would have gone to prison under circumstances that would have intensified the respect and the admiration of his followers.

The "persecution of the saints" was naturally the principal topic of conversation at the time of our visit, and, strange to say, the Mormon women were the fiercest denouncers of the Government and the most vehement advocates of polygamy. This singular and, to a Gentile mind, incomprehensible attitude of the female Mormons has been noted by many a literary tourist in Utah territory, and the evidence on the point is practically conclusive. A Mormon bishop, in whose company we spent an agreeable half-hour, boldly affirmed that, if the young women of Utah were called upon to vote on the question, they would unanimously declare themselves in favour of marrying men who were already husbands rather than unite themselves to bachelors. This seems a very extravagant assertion, but from the prevailing tone and testimony of the Mormon women themselves, we could readily believe that it contained a large amount of truth. Mormon girls are taught from their earliest years that their only hope of happiness in the world to come resides in a "celestial marriage" with some latter-day saint, and the strength, the tenacity, and the abiding influence of a doctrine that

has been systematically inculcated from childhood, are proverbial. Besides, many of the Mormon women are themselves the children of polygamous marriages, and it is therefore not surprising that they should uphold and defend the institution with all the ardour and the ability that they can command. As illustrating the aggressive zeal they are inclined to display whenever the subject is under discussion, a curious incident that happened on our railway journey from Ogden to Salt Lake City may be cited. A group of passengers, mostly lady tourists, commenced a conversation on the prosecution of the Mormons for polygamy, and carried it on for some time in that loud tone of voice with which most travellers by rail are unpleasantly familiar. As we approached a roadside station, the clatter of the wheels gave place to comparative quietness, in the midst of which one of the lady debaters was heard all over the carriage to exclaim in most decisive and uncompromising accents: "Well, if I had my way, I would whip every Mormon of them out of the country." To her confusion and astonishment, she received an unexpected retort. "Take care, madam, lest you yourself should be the first to feel the whip." The speaker was a lady-like person who had been sitting by herself in a corner of the carriage reading a book, but who had bounded to her feet

with flashing eyes and indignant mien when she heard her religion insulted. The lady who had spoken so airily and so unwisely about whipping the Mormons out of the country, exhibited a very white and frightened face for some time afterwards, and not a word escaped her lips for the remainder of the journey.

The Mormon women, wherever we met them (and curiosity, it must be confessed, made us seek opportunities for conversing with them), invariably spoke out for their church with a vigour, a directness, and an enthusiasm that precluded the possibility of doubting the sincerity of their belief, however mistaken they might appear from the stranger's standpoint. No less ardent and argumentative are the Mormons of the male species, with whom it is of little use for the average stranger to enter into serious controversy, for he is sure to be silenced in the end. The Mormons, from long practice and perpetual hearing of sermons in defence of their distinctive doctrines, not only have all the arguments for polygamy on the tips of their tongues, but are furthermore prepared with replies to all possible Gentile objections; replies which it is not easy for the unprepared stranger to refute on the spur of the moment. I was somewhat amused at one argument advanced by a venerable Scotch stone-cutter at the Temple to prove that the

Mormon Church was the true Church of Christ. "What did Christ say?" he asked. "'They persecuted Me and they will persecute you.' Well, look around and what do you see? The Catholics and the Protestants fighting amongst themselves, but uniting to persecute the Mormons." This Caledonian "saint" was one of Brigham Young's pioneer disciples, and he told me he had been continuously at work on the Temple ever since its first stone was laid thirty-five years ago, and that his sole desire was to be spared to see its final completion. He confided to me his firm belief that the United States authorities, by imprisoning so many Mormon leaders for the practice of part of their religion, meaning polygamy, wanted to provoke an armed resistance, when martial law would be immediately proclaimed, and the guns of Fort Douglas—a permanent encampment of the United States military on the heights to the east—would make short work of the "City of the Saints," and of the saints themselves as well. But, he added, the Mormons would never fall into this unholy snare or permit themselves to be outmanœuvred by a tyrannical government. They would offer a passive resistance and a perpetual protest to the persecution law, and the Lord would deliver his people in due season. This belief that they were under the guardianship of a special Providence, and

City with unchallenged authority, and when the Gentile visitors had to be very careful not to offend the susceptibilities of the reigning powers. But the march of population and of progress has destroyed their former isolation and deprived them of their local pre-eminence. They are still five times as numerous as the Gentiles—the population of the city being 25,000 Mormons and 5,000 Gentiles—but the latter, though so greatly inferior in numbers, are in reality the stronger party, for they have the guns of Fort Douglas at their back and the moral support of the millions of American citizens. But in the surrounding territory of Utah the Gentile settlers are few and far between, and the latter-day saints constitute a formidable and united colony of nearly 200,000 souls. On all sides we heard the Mormons sighing for the good old days of the pre-railway era, when they dwelt in comparative seclusion and led lives of happy, undisturbed serenity. They indignantly contrast the present state of their sacred city with the Arcadian innocence of a vanished past, and charge the intrusive Gentiles with introducing into Zion a host of social evils—drinking saloons, disreputable houses, gambling dens, &c.—that had no existence whatever there when the Mormons were in exclusive possession. There is no doubt a certain amount of foundation for this charge, but, in their

desire to bring the grievances of the church into all possible prominence, and to prove to the passing stranger how seriously they have suffered from an heretical invasion, the Mormons are prone to considerably exaggerate the evils they deplore as having taken deep root in their midst. The fact is that a city of its size and importance is so uniformly quiet, peaceable and well-ordered as the Mormon metropolis. A force of fifteen policemen, all paid, suffices to preserve order amongst its 20,000 inhabitants—a singularly creditable record, and one that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to parallel in any other portion of the civilized world. During the whole of my stay I never witnessed a solitary instance of street-rowdiness, and, in rambling about the city at night, I was profoundly impressed by the prevailing stillness, and the rare occasions on which I met people abroad. The pathways were almost deserted, but the bright and comfortable houses were hives of industry, for the members of a Mormon family can always find something to do.

It is unquestionably true that the Mormons, as a rule, have been drawn from the lower strata of humanity in European countries. England, Ireland, Germany, Denmark and Sweden have been the best recruiting grounds for the "saints," and it is not surprising that the discontented masses in many

hours and starvation wages in these older lands of crushing competition, should eagerly embrace the attractive offers submitted to them by the inviting tongues of Mormon missionaries. The spiritual and the secular delights of a permanent abode in the Utah valley may be somewhat exaggerated and over-coloured by these enterprising evangelists, and successive batches of newly-arrived immigrants may, in consequence, at first experience a sense of comparative disappointment at not finding a ready-made earthly paradise awaiting them. But they are kindly received and continuously encouraged by the church authorities ; they are aided in establishing themselves on the land, and soon learn the value of being units in a powerful organization ; they are gradually assimilated to the mass, and changed from the hopeless toilworn creatures that they were in their native lands into independent and industrious workers for the good of themselves and their church. No unprejudiced person who has inquired into the social condition of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City and its vicinity, will refuse to admit that the change from their very objectionable old-world environment to the cleanliness, comfort, and good health they enjoy in their new American homes, is indisputably a change for the better. Thus Mormonism, however repellent and reprehensible as a religious system, is entitled at least to this praise from all fair-minded

critics, that it has succeeded in transforming many a lowly-born, hard-pressed European into a thriving, contented citizen of the western plains. Out of the most unpromising materials, a social edifice of commanding size, strength, and importance has been steadily and systematically built up. And this policy of the past is likewise the policy of the present. Notwithstanding the vigour and determination of the United States Government to suppress and stamp out the Mormons, there is no diminution in the missionary zeal and the evangelistic enterprise of this peculiar people. They support a vast army of popular preachers, who leave the head-quarters of the church in companies or "quorums" of seventy, and disperse themselves over the countries in which they have been appointed to labour. On board the Atlantic steamer that brought us from New York to Liverpool, we had one of these missionary "quorums," and, although there was little likelihood of making converts at sea, that consideration had no appreciable effect on their evangelistic fervour. Not only were they habitually arguing with individuals, but on every afternoon during the voyage they held a united service and extended a cordial welcome to curious strangers. The addresses at these gatherings were of a rude and untutored order, but the speakers made their points with a rough, homely force that could not fail to produce a

favourable impression on uneducated minds. They even made capital out of their own illiteracy by reiterating and emphasizing the fact that it was from such as they—the poor and the ignorant—Christ saw fit to choose His apostles and disciples. Sometimes the preacher for the afternoon would look over the heads of the assembled “saints” and address himself directly to the inquisitive Gentile spectators on the outskirts of the congregation, calling them his “dear friends,” and exhorting them not to be misled by anti-Mormon misrepresentations, but to read and study the revelations of the “prophet Joseph” for themselves. This is how the Mormons invariably refer to the founder of their faith. They speak of him affectionately by his baptismal title, but never allude to his plebeian surname of Smith. It is apparently their wish that it should be dropped for ever, as being derogatory to the dignity of the favoured mortal, to whom the angel “Moroni” appeared and pointed out the place where the golden plates of the Book of Mormon were concealed. We were presented with a pile of Mormon literature by a bishop of our acquaintance in Salt Lake City, and, on board our Atlantic steamer, the “revelations of Joseph, seer and prophet,” were scattered broadcast for the enlightenment of the Gentile passengers. And, even if those extraordinary productions did cause more comi-

cality than conversions amongst inconvertible tourists, the fact could not be overlooked that the "church of the latter-day saints" was carrying on an exceedingly active propaganda, and seconding the spoken word with a copious use of the printing press. By no means the least interesting sight in Salt Lake City is the extensive library established by Brigham Young, and said to contain every work that has been written either for or against Mormonism. Probably no other religious community in the world rejoices in the possession of a similar complete collection of its sympathetic and antipathetic literature.

As to what the future may have in store for the Mormon Church, that for some time past has been a fertile topic of conjecture. So long as the "saints" are able to maintain their present large majority over the Gentiles in the territory of Utah, they are practically safe from expulsion, but, sooner or later, they are sure to be swamped by the advancing tide of emigration from the eastern states. Their peculiar beliefs and objectionable practices will always expose them to outrage at the hands of an excited populace; and, when once the Gentiles, through force of increasing numbers, gain supremacy in the city and territory, the "saints" will assuredly have to go, unless they consent to eliminate polygamy from their religious system. Just as they were

driven out of Nauvoo forty years ago, by their indignant neighbours, when they were a small and unknown body, so now, when they have become a wealthy and numerous church, they can discern the shadow of the same fate approaching them again, with the scene of eviction changed to that glorious city of theirs in the Utah valley, which they created out of the primeval wilderness, and built and beautified by the incessant labour of their hands. It is a hard fate, but they can save themselves by sacrificing polygamy, the distinctive dogma which has given themselves and their church a world-wide notoriety. It is only in the character of polygamists that they are regarded as law-breakers by the United States Government. In all other respects, they are as much entitled to the unrestricted exercise of their religious observances as any other body of professing worshippers in the republic. If they agree to abolish the institution of "celestial marriage," and to substitute in its stead the ordinary every-day doctrine of "one man, one wife," they will be allowed to remain in the city and territory of their choice, and in the possession of that magnificent temple which adorns their New Jerusalem. But they will be purchasing this toleration at a very dear price, as the dropping of polygamy will be the certain prelude to the gradual extinction of the singular celebrity

they have hitherto enjoyed amongst the religious bodies that this nineteenth century has produced. They will fade into comparative insignificance, and soon find themselves on a level with the numerous other minor sects of humanity, for it is solely because they are that modern anachronism, a polygamous church, that they have hitherto filled so large a space in the world's eye—a space out of all proportion to their relative size and importance. On the other hand, if they resolve to remain true to their traditions as a church, and to hold fast to the doctrine of “celestial marriage” as a divine revelation which they cannot conscientiously surrender, they will, beyond a doubt, in a few years' time, have to leave all their great works and monuments behind them, abandon Salt Lake City to the Gentiles, and start forth on another weary pilgrimage in search of some land where they will be free both from heretical incursions and governmental interference. But lands answering to this description are now exceedingly scarce on the surface of our sphere, and, unless another guiding, governing, and constructive genius like Brigham Young should arise, the Mormons will be in sore straits when the crucial hour now fast approaching, arrives. They act as if convinced that the hour will bring the man, and that their special providence will not desert them.

day of danger and trial. They manifest no symptoms of fear or dismay at the dark menacing cloud which they cannot but see gathering on their horizon. They pursue the even tenor of their way at home, and systematically send their "quorums" of missionaries abroad, just as if the skies were clear, and calm, and serenely smiling on their sacred city. Their losses by defection are comparatively inappreciable, whilst nearly every steamer that crosses the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York brings them a batch of recruits. The officers of our steamer assured us from long experience that, after the lapse of a few months, each of the seventy missionaries on board would retraverse the ocean and return to Utah at the head of a little army of converts. And, although they were not particularly attractive missionaries from the standpoint of elegance and intellectuality, we could in some measure comprehend the secret of their success amongst illiterate communities, when we listened for a few moments to their simple, unadorned, and seemingly earnest addresses, and remembered that, in addition to the glittering bait of a novel gospel, they had also such substantial inducements as free passages and easily acquired farms to offer to their discontented hearers.

5.—Decorative Day.

If London statistical authorities are to be believed, no less than 90,000 people come "over the water" from New York to Liverpool during the summer season, and disburse on the average £20 each for their stay in England, making an aggregate expenditure of £1,800,000. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that on the passenger steamers, many of which are plying to New York for their summer season, the arrival in San Francisco. But we might just as well have spared ourselves this trouble. For as we afterwards discovered, all the available time was not taken months in advance by enterprising travellers on pleasure bent. The consequence was that when we reached New York, after plugging along for 3,000 miles over wild and lonely roads, by the snow-clad Rocky Mountains, through the most picturesque of gorges, that

"Seemed as if broken up with a hammer,"
Rivers and forests by untrodden lands.

along the banks of rushing rivers, by the side of enormous farms, and through scores of immigrant settlements, we found ourselves suddenly brought to a full stop in the commercial metropolis of the western world. We had in short to remain in New York until berths on Atlantic steamers became available. My period of detention lasted just a fortnight, but I had nothing to complain of on that score. Rather had I reason to rejoice than otherwise, for a fortnight's stay in the Empire City is a valuable experience ; and, moreover, had I not been compelled to change my programme, I would have missed seeing the celebration of what is now the great characteristic American festival—Decoration Day. This is an annual commemoration on May 30, of the successful issue of the most sanguinary civil war of modern times, that of a quarter of a century ago for the maintenance of the American Union—and it has received its popular name from the now universal custom of decorating with wreaths and flowers the statues of the military and naval heroes of the United States, and the graves of the thousands of Federal soldiers who fell in that frightful internecine struggle.

On the occasion of my visit the anniversary fell on a Monday, but it was largely celebrated by anticipation on the previous day. There were numerous religious celebrations all over the Ameri-

can metropolis, and, for the first time since the inception of the movement, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York had officially sanctioned the observance of the occasion. This novel circumstance, added to the fact that it was known that the Governor of the State of New York and his suite would be present, drew an enormous congregation to the Pontifical high mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue. Possibly the widespread interest and curiosity in the case of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, who had just been suspended by the Archbishop for persistent contumacy, and had been summoned to Rome by the Pope to explain his alliance with Henry George, and his startling theories concerning the private ownership of land, helped to swell the throng. The New York St. Patrick's Cathedral resembles its Melbourne namesake in several respects. Both occupy the most commanding sites in their respective cities ; both have been more than 30 years in building, and both are still unfinished. But the New York edifice is by far the more advanced of the two, and it will soon be completed at a total cost of £500,000, or thrice as much as has so far been expended on the Melbourne St. Patrick's. It is constructed in the main of white marble, and, as I stood in front of it on that bright Sunday morning, and gazed on its lofty white walls scintillating in the sunshine, I could not help thinking

how picturesquely an edifice of similar material would crown the summit of the Eastern Hill in Melbourne. The dark frowning bluestone that was favoured by the founders of the Victorian St. Patrick's, however durable it may be, is certainly far from being pleasing or harmonious in a land of predominant sunshine. The interior of the New York Cathedral is in perfect harmony with the imposing splendour of its exterior aspect. The high altar is a marvel of artistic Italian workmanship, as indeed it ought to be, considering the fabulous quantity of American dollars that had to be exported in order to procure it. The Cathedral is specially rich in stained-glass windows illustrative of Biblical scenes, there being no less than seventy of them, mostly of immense size and the gifts of wealthy American Catholics. Particular attention is paid to the musical accessories; there are two choirs and two organs, one at each end of the vast building. The choir near the sanctuary is composed of fifty orphan boys selected from a neighbouring asylum. Their conductor is one of the cathedral clergy, who has had the benefit of a musical course at Munich, and certainly the singing of his youthful charges is singularly effective.

During the afternoon the work of decorating the statues in the squares abutting on Broadway, and the soldiers' graves in the cemeteries around New York,

was commenced. The Americans seem to be excessively fond of public speaking, and no demonstration or festival is complete without an "oration" of some sort. Every cemetery had its duly appointed orator for the afternoon, but the gentleman who attracted the largest array of hearers was the aforesaid Dr. McGlynn, who spoke at Cypress Hills. I stopped for a few moments on the outskirts of the crowd to listen to this suspended priest, this celebrity of the hour, this "modern Luther," as he was called by one of his ardent admirers amidst the plaudits of an enthusiastic audience. The temporary platform from which the orator spoke was too distant, and the view from my position too obstructed, to enable me to see him to advantage, but I could hear him distinctly, for he is gifted with a voice of unusual power and penetration. Even under the solemn circumstances in which he was speaking, and in the presence of the heroic dead, he could not refrain from dragging in his favourite land theories and utilizing the occasion for the purposes of his political propaganda. After eulogizing the bravery of the Northern armies throughout the war, and rejoicing at the emancipation of the blacks in the Southern states, he proceeded to impress on his hearers, with considerable energy and fluency, that a far more detestable, unrighteous, and widespread form of slavery existed unsuspected in their midst. As long

land that God gave to the human race in general was monopolized by the wealthy few, so long would the curse of slavery exist. He therefore exhorted them all to join his Anti-Poverty Society, which had for its great object the correction of this enormous abuse by doing away entirely with the right of private ownership in land.

For Sunday evening the Paulist Fathers had prepared a special memorial service in their capacious church at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, the largest Catholic edifice in New York, with the exception of St. Patrick's Cathedral. As it was the first event of the kind amongst the Catholics of the metropolis, a great crowd of sight-seers was expected; but I never anticipated such a dense mass of people as filled the streets around the church when I arrived on the scene. The reason of this was that civilians were not allowed to enter the building until the various companies of Catholic soldiers arrived from different parts of New York, and took up the places assigned them in the church by Grand Marshal De Lacy. While I was looking on, several of these contingents came marching up, with bands, and banners, and torn and tattered standards—grim relics of desperate charges on the serried ranks of the Southerners. A carriage drove up and was with difficulty piloted through the crowd to the front of the

church. From it there emerged a well-regimented general in gorgeous uniform, and covered with medals, who was continuously cheered as, with the aid of a pair of crutches, he ascended the steps and entered the church. This was Major-General James E. Smith, a distinguished survivor of one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war—the Battle of Gettysburg. From the aspect of affairs I speedily perceived that there was very little probability of my being able to force my way through that dense crowd to the public entrance to the church, and I therefore resolved to seek admittance in another direction. I went round to the sacristy, which was full of priests and choristers, introduced myself to one of the Paulist Fathers as an Australian visitor, and was by him courteously escorted through the sanctuary to a seat in front of the high altar. The scene that met my gaze was singularly striking and novel to the colonial eye, unaccustomed to the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.” The church had accommodation for 4,000, but three-fourths of its seating space was already filled with soldiers old and young, war veterans and recent recruits, officers and privates, all wearing their distinctive uniforms and accoutrements, to produce a picturesque mass of varied hues. National flags were displayed at regular intervals along the way down to the principal entrance, and the

against the pillars and the altar rails were the battle-torn standards of the North, some of them pierced with bullets, and others hanging in ribbons. The pulpit was literally enveloped with the stars and stripes, and the tabernacle was encircled with an immense floral memorial wreath, the gift of the veterans of the Irish Brigade, whose tattered but treasured green standard was awarded the place of honour within the sanctuary. Contrary to the usual custom of Catholic churches, the plain white walls were entirely destitute of picture or ornament of any description, but this may have been an intentional omission in order, by contrast, to bring into greater prominence the beauty of the ceiling, with its hundreds of golden stars on a lofty expanse of blue. Shortly before 8 o'clock the small space in the church that was left unoccupied by the military was thrown open to the crowd of civilians outside, and what is known as an "ugly rush" ensued. Ugly indeed it was, and I had reason to congratulate myself that I was not in it. There was not room for one-tenth of the would-be spectators; nevertheless, as many as could were allowed to force their way into the building until not an inch of standing room was available. Altogether it was an incongruous and indecorous scene, and one more suggestive of the first night of a popular play than a memorial service for the army of the dead.

But the crushing, and the wrangling, and the disorder ceased when the procession of priests and a hundred choristers was seen emerging from the sacristy, and heard singing the opening hymn, which was of somewhat crude construction, and bore internal evidence of having been written by a poet in a hurry :

"Draped are our flags to-day :

Muffled our drums—

While we in sad array

March to the tombs—

Where lie our comrades brave,

Who, in the strife,

Country to free and save,

Gave up their life !

"Dark was the hour that heard

War's loud alarms.

They at their country's word

Shouldered their arms,

Nobly they fought and bled,

Counting no cost ;

Shouting : ' The Union shall

Never be lost ! '

"Where lie the boys in blue

Hallowed the spot—

Never their memory

Shall be forgot.

Unto our children their

Graves testify—

For one's dear native land

Sweet 'tis to die ! "

However, it is not much worse than *some of* Lord Tennyson's latest efforts, and it must be said that the music made ample atonement for the poverty of the

words, being of an appropriately impressive character. Next came a patriotic hymn entitled "Our Native Land," in which all loyal Americans were exhorted to

"Stand at your post, boys, firm and true,
Freedom the watchword through flood and field ;
Stand by the dear old Red, White and Blue—
Stand by the Union and never yield.

CHORUS—

"Praise the land of the free and the home of the brave,
Long may her starry banner wave !
United for ever in heart and in hand,
God save and bless our native land !"

A dramatic touch was given to the ceremonies of the evening by the fact that the two priests chosen to conduct the service had themselves been soldiers in the war, but had fought on opposite sides. Father Robinson, who offered up the prayer, served in the Southern ranks under General Lee, whilst Father Walter Elliott, who delivered the inevitable "oration," went through the war as a Federal, and rose to the grade of lieutenant. It was curious to look at these two clergymen, now living peaceably under the same roof and working in the same parish, and to reflect that they would certainly have tried to kill each other had they met in battle face to face a quarter of a century ago. Father Elliott's address, as we would call it in the colonies, was of a lively and versatile description. He justified the Northerners taking up arms in defence of what

he described as the "divine principle of unity" and I wondered what his reverend brother who fought on the other side thought of this contention. The same idea must have passed through the orator's mind, for he slyly added that he had been trying to convince a Confederate friend of his that the Federal cause was the right one, but he failed without success. This evoked a laugh, and the laughter became still more general as he proceeded to narrate some of the humorous experiences that befel him during his campaigns. Then he commenced to describe some of the heroic incidents of the war, whereupon there was considerable hand-clapping, which caused him to remind his hearers that they were in a sacred edifice. But they were too excited to be capable of controlling their feelings, and, to my consternation, I once found myself—I, a calm, unemotional Australian—unconsciously joining in the applause at his graphic recital of how he saw a soldier save the colours of his regiment by wrapping them around his body and successfully swimming across a river amidst a hail of bullets from the enemy. It was, on the whole, a very entertaining oration, and it was only when I got out into the cool open air at ten o'clock that I realized it would have better befitted the lecture-hall than the church.

Monday morning ushered in the real Decoration Day with a wealth of welcome sunshine. At an early hour Broadway and Fifth Avenue commenced to fill, and, long before 10 o'clock, the people were standing twenty deep along the portions of those thoroughfares through which the National Guard and the Grand Army of the Republic were about to march, and be reviewed by the Governor of New York. Doors, windows, balconies, roofs—wherever a foothold was obtainable—all were occupied by enthusiastic admirers of New York's great annual military spectacle. Women of every class wore the national colours conspicuously pinned on their breasts, and even the little children were provided with the stars and stripes in miniature. First to move from the starting-point were the veteran officers of the war, who came along slowly in full uniform and riding in open carriages. They were greeted with general cheers as they were recognized along the line of spectators. Next in succession came the various sections of the National Guard—a fine soldierly body of men—each division being preceded by a band playing some one of those stirring tunes to which the war gave birth. I was pleased to notice one division entirely composed of negroes, who marched past with as military and dignified a bearing as any of their white comrades in arms. It was very

gratifying to witness the pronouncedly cordial reception extended by the crowd to this contingent of coloured men and its coloured band, for the universal cheering of the masses in this connection testified to a practical recognition of equal rights, and was tantamount to a popular declaration that the black citizens of the United States were fully entitled to become co-defenders of their country side by side with the once so-called superior white race. Lastly came the Grand Army of the Republic—a phrase that has a sort of majestic ring about it, and which seems to imply a military organization of more than ordinarily brilliant calibre. But this interpretation is not the correct one. The Grand Army of the Republic is nothing more or less than a voluntary association of the soldiers who fought in defence of the Union against the Southern secessionists. They have banded themselves together in “posts” all over the country for the laudable objects of helping each other when necessary, and of perpetuating the memory of a glorious past. They are, in short, a reserve corps of veteran citizen soldiers—men who have borne the brunt of battle, and who would be ready to forsake their avocations and go to the front again if duty called. On this one day of the year—Decoration Day—they put themselves in evidence, as they have every right to do, and

proudly march past to receive the plaudits of their grateful fellow-citizens—plaudits which they doubtless translate as meaning, in Biblical phraseology, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” Of course, it goes without saying that their ranks must, in the ordinary course of nature, become thinner every year, and an experienced actuary of a life insurance company would doubtless be able to name with approximate accuracy the year in which the present Grand Army of the Republic will be represented by a solitary grey-haired survivor. Still, that year is yet a long way off, and the twentieth century will be out of its baby-clothes before it comes round. About a thousand of the veterans turned out on this occasion, and, though not a few were observed to walk with difficulty, owing to advancing age and infirmity, the great majority, it must be said, presented a fine soldierly mien, kept the step with admirable precision, and seemed to the unprofessional eye in every way qualified to go through another arduous campaign with credit, if their country was in peril. They all displayed the letters G.A.R. (the initials of their organization) in gold upon their caps, and each of their divisions was preceded by some of those tattered standards—silently-eloquent witnesses to deeds of heroism—which I had seen in the church of St. Paul on the previous evening, and the sight of which

now excited the immense concourse of spectators to such a pitch that they gave vent to their feelings as one man in a prolonged outburst of enthusiasm. One other notable incident of the procession was a beautifully-constructed model of a full-rigged vessel, named "The Union," which was borne on hugi on the shoulders of a group of sturdy veterans, and displayed on either side the beseeching motto, "Don't give up the ship," the dying words of Captain Lawrence, of the "Chesapeake." The resounding cheers that welcomed the appearance of this picturesque tubercle along the line of march, were a spontaneous response from the populace to the epigrammatic appeal in their patriotism.

Altogether, Decoration Day is a sight worth travelling some distance to see. Our processions in the colonies are pretty shows and nothing more. There is nothing in them to stir the blood or add a lesson to the eye. The elements of the heroic and the historic are absent. Who can estimate the value of such a procession as that of Decoration Day in New York, in enkindling an ardent love of country, in strengthening the popular fibre, in perpetuating the memory of a gallant struggle for the preservation of the unity of the States, and in placing a high ideal of national duty before the eyes of a later generation?

6.—The American Orator.

AFTER the grand military procession on the morning of Decoration Day, the streets of New York began gradually to assume a less and less congested appearance; and between one and two o'clock there were many outward and visible signs of a vanishing population. At three in the afternoon, when I walked down Broadway, the transformation was complete, and the scene that met my gaze was strongly reminiscent of Collins Street, Melbourne, at the same hour on the afternoon of Cup Day. New York's noble thoroughfare—one of the longest and finest streets in the world—was well-nigh deserted, and the pavements and sidewalks that but a few hours before were covered with teeming thousands of cheering civilians and marching military, were now in the undisturbed possession of a few listless policemen and solitary stragglers. But, unlike Melbourne's great annual festival, the inhabitants of New York had not, in gregarious fashion, hurried away to the same spot and concentrated themselves in one limited natural amphi-

theatre. It was not a case of an enormous crowd transferred bodily from one scene to another. It was a case of dispersal in all directions, for manifold were the advertised excursions by boat and rail to favoured spots for miles around the Empire City. Six o'clock had sounded before the streets became lifelike again. Then the returning crowds from every point of the compass began to make their presence felt, and to throng through the widely-open doors of the Broadway restaurants, and to gather around the yet unopened doors of the theatres and the halls in which Decoration Day was to be still further celebrated by speech and song.

These patriotic evening demonstrations had been organized all over the city, but the one that naturally attracted the deepest interest and the largest audience was the central celebration in the Academy of Music, at which all the notabilities of the day were announced to attend. The Governor of the State was to be present; the Mayor of New York was to preside; Generals Sherman and Sheridan, the surviving heroes of the war, were to sit in the front row on the platform; and, most magnetic attraction of all, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., was to be the orator of the night. The Academy of Music—the scene of Adelina Patti's greatest American operatic triumphs—~~is~~ is a theatre admirably adapted for a national gath-

of this description. Its capacious ground area abutting on Irving Place, off Union Square, and its tier upon tier of galleries, not to speak of the enormous depth of a stage that looks like a street when viewed from the front, combine to give accommodation to thousands of hearers and spectators. At eight o'clock on this particular evening, the spectacle presented by its brilliantly-lighted interior was decidedly impressive. The auditorium was packed by patriotic New Yorkers of every station in life; the orchestra seats were occupied by the gorgeously-uniformed United States Army Depôt Band; the long perspective of the stage was so filled with officers of all grades as to insensibly recall the cruel joke that not a solitary private could be discovered at the close of the war; and, high over the heads of all, gracefully enfolding the ceiling, were the flags of all nations, with the stars and stripes, as a matter of course, in the place of honour. Just as in the colonies and elsewhere, the distinguished people were fashionably late, for, at the appointed time, the Hon. Abram Hewitt, Mayor of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Talmage had the front row of chairs on the stage all to themselves. The first of the late-comers to arrive was General Sherman, the hero of the famous march "from Atlanta to the sea," a tall, clerical-looking gentleman with a remarkably high forehead, who, apart from his military surroundings, would

never be taken for a soldier of uncommon pluck and daring. By a striking coincidence, at the moment he appeared on the stage, the band happened to be playing the musical version of his celebrated achievement—the well-known air of “Marching through Georgia.” The audience saw the dramatic appropriateness of the situation at a glance, and their simultaneous burst of cheering was prolonged until the veteran general came to the footlights and bowed his acknowledgments. After the lapse of a minute or two, a dapper Napoleonic-looking personage briskly entered, shook hands vigorously with General Sherman and other comrades-in-arms, and took a chair without giving the slightest recognition of the continuous applause with which his entry had been greeted. Military etiquette apparently forbade him to do so, for at a later stage, when his valorous achievements during the war were pointedly referred to by the orator of the evening, he sat immovable like a sphinx, although the audience renewed their applause again and again in the expectation that he would eventually rise in response. This was the dashing General Phil Sheridan, now Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, whose dauntless bravery, pluck, and endurance in trying circumstances during the war have been celebrated in prose and rhyme.* Bismarck, no mean judge, is said

* Since the above was written General Sheridan has passed away.

to be his warmest admirer, and to consider him the best cavalry officer in the world. And, to the unprofessional eye, as he sat by the side of Sherman the sedate and dignified, Sheridan certainly looked just the man to lead a desperate charge on the enemy at the head of his trusty horsemen. Next to arrive was the one-legged general whom I had seen at church the night before. He also had his ovation at the hands of the audience, and deservedly, for a general who has lost a nether limb in action is a *rara avis* in America, and other countries as well. Generals are popularly supposed to take up positions on commanding heights, from which, through field-glasses, they can view at a safe distance the military operations on the plain below, and, when one of them is unlucky enough to get a leg shot off either by accident or design, the least compliment that his countrymen can pay him is to give a rousing cheer whenever he limps on a platform by the aid of a pair of crutches.

After Governor Hill and several other public men had filled all the chairs in the front row, and after some patriotic singing and reciting of medium merit, the chairman called upon the Rev. Dr. Talmage, and the premier preacher of America, since the death of the lamented Henry Ward Beecher, stepped to the footlights and commenced his oration. I do not know how the minister of the Brooklyn Taber-

nacle dresses when in his own pulpit, but there was nothing suggestive of the clergyman about him on this particular evening. As I have already mentioned, General Sherman was the most clerical-looking gentleman on the platform. In external aspect Dr. Talmage differed but slightly from an average work-a-day citizen, but there was a consciousness of power in the carriage of the head, and an eager observing look about the eyes, that told the spectator that, in mental characteristics, this was no ordinary man. Though handicapped by a somewhat harsh and grating voice and an occasionally monotonous delivery, the depth and richness of his subject-matter, the striking originality of his predominant vein of thought, and the earnest sympathy that breathes through every word he utters, completely throw his few physical imperfections in the shade, and project his superior self before us, so that we feel we are in the presence and in the hearing of a genuine orator. The published discourses of Dr. Talmage have had as almost world-wide a circulation as those of Spurgeon, his great English prototype, and, from reading them, most Australians have acquired a knowledge of the dramatic force with which he can bring a picture of the past, or a scene of the present, before the mind in a few terse and characteristic expressions. Another notable quality

he possesses is a remarkable facility of illustration, by which he can elucidate and render interesting what in other hands would be mere commonplace themes. He is perhaps most widely known as an unmerciful assailant of the sins of great cities in general, and of the American metropolis in particular, and as an energetic worker in the cause of social reform; but, on the evening of Decoration Day, he appeared in an entirely different character, and his language was the language of patriotic eulogy of the brave, and of tender sympathy for the fallen in the strife. The central idea of his oration was an exceedingly happy one. After rejoicing over a now re-united America, and making a graceful reference to the ceremony of decorating the graves of the departed heroes of the war by their surviving comrades, he delicately conveyed his desire to carry the ceremony a little further, and to drop a few garlands on the graves of the unknown dead who perished in the war, and who were liable to be forgotten in that day of national commemoration. He would like to place some garlands on the graves of the men who found their last resting-place in the dismal swamps of the South. Garlands, too, he would like to place on the heads of those heroic women—the sisters of mercy—who nobly and self-sacrificingly served in the hospitals on both sides, and

tended the wounded from pure love of charity and without ever inquiring under what standard they had fought. And he had other garlands which he wished to place on the brows of the living heroes of the Grand Army of the Republic, the men who had served their country well in the hour of danger and of trial, and who had been spared to witness the complete re-establishment of kindly brotherhood between North and South, and the fading away of the last trace of sectional animosity. This beautiful conception was worked out by the orator with a felicity of diction and a wealth of illustration that secured the rapt attention of his audience. And, when he concluded with a glowing peroration in earnest denunciation of any unhallowed attempt to reopen the old wounds, and in solemn exhortation to preserve the national unity, the vast audience responded to these seasonable sentiments with a volley of cheers.

Perhaps the salient characteristic of the sermons of Dr. Talmage is that facility of condensed expression by which he is enabled to imprint in the minds of his hearers a series of strong pictures, embodying the essence of what he means to convey, which have all the force and effect of mental photographs, for they linger and are remembered long after the spell of the orator has been removed. Since my arrival in London, I have visited in Cardinal

Manning and Canon Liddon the same studiously-careful compression of thought into the fewest and most striking words. The Cardinal, in particular, has reduced this condensation process to a fine art, and his sermons may be aptly described as spoken essays in the choicest and most epigrammatic of English. "His Eminence speaks like a book" is a phrase frequently heard in London, and is intended as a compliment by contrast to that baneful habit of talking at large, in which so many second and third rate speakers are fond of indulging. The sermon I heard His Eminence preach to a crowded congregation in the Kensington Pro-Cathedral on the Sunday after the celebration of the Queen's jubilee was singularly striking and effective, and specially interesting to me by reason of the speaker's frequent references to the colonies. His theme was the greatness of the empire, and the lesson His Eminence wished to convey was that this greatness had been brought about not by State intervention, but by the unrestricted liberty of individual effort. The vast extent of British commerce and the successful colonization of Australia were referred to as striking examples of what had been accomplished by individual enterprise, unassisted in the smallest measure by the State. And the conclusion at which His Eminence arrived was that the policy of the future

should be the minimum of ~~the~~ ~~maximum~~ of individual effort. The great thing is telling sermons with which the audience is delivered. made me regret that the ~~senior~~ ~~senior~~ the senior delegate of New South Wales to the American Conference, was the only Australian preacher who could recognize amongst the congregation. whose diffuseness is the fatal characteristic of missionary oratory, both of the pulpit, the platform and the senate; and it would do Australian preachers and legislators a world of good if they could only arrange to visit London and New York in batches, and see for themselves what an amount and variety of solid information and suggestive thought, men like Cardinal Manning, Canon Liddon, and Dr. Talmage can compress into twenty minutes by scientific condensation. Then they could return to their respective colonies and try at least to do likewise.

It goes without saying that I was particularly interested and impressed by Dr. Talmage's generous tribute to the heroism of the sisters of mercy during his war, and still more pleased with the unanimous opinion which that great Protestant audience of New York endorsed the salicy of the great Protestant war. The American war was a frightful drama, and a doubt, but there is no war in his world of war and compensating good, and the war was magnificent.

one gratifying result of completely turning into the right channel the current of American public opinion with respect to nuns and convents. To use their own expressive Yankee phraseology, the placid heroism of the nuns in tending to the wounded on the battle-fields and in the hospitals, was a "regular eye-opener" for them. They had been taught from their infancy to believe that these nuns were incarnations of all that was iniquitous and abominable, and yet what, to their amazement, was the sight they beheld in the hour of their country's affliction? Why, these identical nuns acting as ministering angels wherever their services were required, and, with the widest Christian charity, binding up alike the wounds of Protestant and Catholic, Federal and Confederate. The late J. F. Maguire, M.P., who made a tour of the States shortly after hostilities were brought to a close by the surrender of General Lee and his conquered army to the victorious General Grant, has given a graphic picture of the American nuns on the battle-field. "The events of the war," he says, "brought out in the most conspicuous manner the merits and usefulness of the religious orders, especially those of Charity and Mercy and the Holy Cross, and, in spite of prejudice and bigotry, made the name of 'sister' honoured throughout the land. Prejudice and bigotry are powerful with individuals and communities, powerful, too, in proportion to the ignorance which shrouds the

mind of man. Still, these are but relatively strong, and must yield before a force superior to theirs—*truth*. And as month followed month, and year succeeded to year, the priceless value of services having their motive in religion and their reward in the consciousness of doing good, were more thoroughly appreciated by a generous people. At their presence in a hospital, whether long established or hastily improvised, order, good management, and economy took the place of confusion, lax administration and reckless expenditure, if not worse. Obstacles, in many instances of a serious nature, were placed deliberately in their path; but with tact, and temper, and firmness, these were encountered by women who had no vanity to wound, no malice to inflame, and whose only object was to relieve the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the most efficacious manner. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that difficulties and obstacles, however apparently formidable at first, vanished before the resistless influence of their sincerity and their goodness, and the quite as conclusive evidence of their usefulness. But the greater their success, the greater the strain on the resources of the principal orders. Not only did death and sickness thin their ranks, but the war, by adding fearfully to the number of helpless orphans, added likewise to their cares and responsibilities. What with ceaseless duty in the hospitals, teaching in their schools,

visiting the sick, providing for the fatherless whom every great battle flung upon their protection, administering the affairs of institutions imperilled by the universal disturbance, bringing relief and consolation to the prisoner in the crowded building or wretched camp to which the fortune of war consigned the soldier on either side—the sisters were tried to the very utmost. Nothing but the spirit of religion, together with their womanly compassion for the sick and the suffering, and their interest in the brave fellows, who, docile children in their hands, followed them with wistful eyes as, angels of light and mercy, they brought balm to the hearts of the wounded—nothing short of the sublime motives by which these ladies were animated could have sustained them throughout four long years of ceaseless toil and never-ending anxiety.”

Sitting and listening to the touching panegyric on the sisters of mercy, pronounced by New York's favourite Protestant preacher, one could not help being profoundly impressed by the remarkable revenge that the whirligig of time had brought about. Many not very elderly citizens in that vast and sympathetic concourse could have carried their memories back to a period when convents and nuns were objects of detestation to the average American. Possibly there were some of Dr. Talmage's applauding hearers whose fathers took part in those burnings of convents, and continuous insults

to inoffensive nuns, that are recorded to the shame of an earlier generation. But, happily, all such regrettable scenes and unmerited outrages are now things of the past. The war put an end to all the nonsense that had been circulated and believed about convents and Catholic churches. All classes of Americans, irrespective of creed or politics, are friends and admirers of the sisters of mercy and of charity, and the ill-conditioned varlet who would now insult a nun in the street, or try to force his way into a convent, would have a good chance of being lynched by an indignant town.

In this rightabout change of thought and feeling on the part of American citizens, is there no something from which Australian colonists may derive a useful lesson, something to assure them of the groundlessness of the suspicions that are entertained from time to time in colonial cities when convents are mentioned in discussion? What are these unwarranted and unfounded suspicions but the superficial symptoms of that profound ignorance of the true nature and functions of convents which prevailed in America before the war, but which has since been completely dispelled by the light of the practical knowledge of the nuns acquired in the hospital and on the battlefield? Australian nuns are now enabled to have an early opportunity of displaying their courage and Christian charity on the battle-field, as they have displayed these characteristics in the past.

profession in other equally meritorious, if less conspicuous spheres ; and their unceasing and disinterested services on behalf of the orphan, the desolate, the aged, and the afflicted, should have long since disarmed every suspicion and prejudice. Whatever antipathy to convents does exist in the colonies may be safely ascribed to the cause mentioned in the somewhat vigorous exclamation by an American wounded officer in a military hospital :—"Look here, I was always an enemy to the Catholic Church. I was led to believe by the preachers that these sisters were all bad, but when I get out of this, I'll be gol-darned if I don't knock the first man head over heels who dares say a word against the sisters in my presence."



7.—The Suspension is [shown.]



STEAMING out of the crowded thoroughfare of New York, two iron-hulled vessels appear the eye of every passenger. They are not unique, not novel, and too obtrusive to pass unnoticed. The one on the left is that truly marvelous suspension bridge which now links together the sister cities of New York and Brooklyn. It stands out a vast relief against the western sky, as if suspended in the air and upheld by unseen powers. It is the veritable marvel of mundane bridges, a triumph of engineering power, and the pride of ingenious American enterprise. On the right, towering aloft in a privileged way, and holding the torch of freedom in its uplifted hand, is Bartholdi's gigantic statue of the "Statue of Liberty" enlignoring the world's a noble and generous gift from the French Republic to our American sister. It stands in a little harbor cove in the harbor—a majestic monument in the sea's gleaming breast of water. The sunset glows on

dwarfed in its presence, and the loftiest masts only serve as a measure of its altitude. Surely the land that welcomes the industrious emigrant of every nation, and glories in its cosmopolitan population, could not have a more appropriate or impressive symbol at its principal seaward gate than this colossal statue of Liberty, mutely extending an encouraging greeting to the stranger from every clime, inspiring the beholder to the realization of a high ideal of citizenship, and typifying, by its massive solidity, the strength, the earnestness, and the unwearied energy of the American character.

The voyage across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool is now accomplished with such rapidity and regularity by large, luxurious, and powerful steamers, that it requires an effort of the imagination to realize in any degree the romance and the danger that attended it in bygone days before the advent of ocean greyhounds. Modern science has rendered the passage prosaic and business-like in the extreme. The steamers engaged are really skilful adaptations of the huge American hotel system to life on the ocean wave. "Crossing the ferry" is the colloquial way of describing the Atlantic voyage in these favoured days of ours, and the phrase is felicitously indicative of the ease, the celerity, and the punctuality with which this once dreaded passage is now accomplished. As

soon as the cold biting winds that assailed us off the Great Bank of Newfoundland were left behind, we experienced an agreeable succession of genial skies and sunny days. The decks of the "Wisconsin" were continuously crowded; the scene on board was both animated and picturesque; we were rarely without a vessel of some sort in sight to keep us company, and we had a little, but far from unpleasant, experience of those mountainous waves for which the Atlantic is renowned. The seventh day after leaving New York found us skirting the southern shores of the Emerald Isle, and, having transhipped a number of passengers for Queenstown, we were gladdened with a series of charming views of the Irish coast. This Hibernian panorama faded away during the afternoon and was succeeded by the bold outlines of the Welsh mountains on the opposite side, which continued in full view until the sun went down amidst a glowing splendour and a wealth of colour that recalled recollections of the evening glories of the Australian midsummer.

Next morning's dawn saw us lying safely moored in the Liverpool docks, and soon our trunks were under examination by the Custom House officers in attendance. These easy-going guardians of the public purse having certified by a mysterious chalk-mark that the trunks had passed inspection with credit, the

owners were speedily *en route* to London through the delightful midlands of England; through verdant valleys and in sight of wooded hills, peeping spires and noble mansions; past pleasant rustic villages and unpicturesque manufacturing centres that obscured the radiance of the summer sun by the dense clouds of smoke emitted from their long rows of lofty chimneys. This five hours' panoramic journey by rail terminated in the immense arched station of St. Pancras, from which we emerged into the moving life and the ceaseless roar of the world's metropolis.

It takes some time before an Australian can even partially realize the vast extent and immensity of London, or bring home to himself the astounding fact that this modern Babylon is inhabited by five millions of human beings—nearly twice as many as occupy the whole of the continent from which he comes. It is only by systematic excursions from the City proper, on the tops of tramcars and omnibuses, through miles upon miles of streets teeming with humanity and bounded by closely-packed shops and dwelling-houses, that he can gain some general idea of the enormous size of London and the extraordinary density of its population. But the knowledge acquired from this position of ease and elevation is necessarily superficial, and needs to be supplemented by further and less agreeable excursions on foot into some of the

countless courts and alleys that branch off on either hand from the main thoroughfares. These multitudinous tributaries to the great currents of London life constitute a characteristic feature of the great city, and are well worth studying even at the sacrifice of some little delicacy and convenience. On some of them the sun seldom or never sheds his light, for the houses are so lofty and run in such close parallel lines that the solar rays are unable to reach the tiny walking space beneath. Others are very narrow at the entrance but gradually widen out into paved courts, which serve as common yards to all the houses abutting upon them, and in the evenings are crowded and vociferous with children at play. Some neighbourhoods in the East End have been entirely cleared of these close and unhealthy labyrinthine alleys, immense blocks of brick buildings, laid out in residential flats, and constructed in accordance with hygienic laws, being substituted in their stead. This wise and philanthropic experiment has proved a great and gratifying success during recent years, and it is capable of indefinite expansion. A certain unpicturesque monotony may possibly result from long series of mathematical piles of red-brick buildings; but ample compensation for any such distasteful uniformity of construction will be found in the better housing of a dense population, the im-

provement of their moral and social surroundings and the visible brightening of their daily lives.

Perhaps the first singular circumstance that strikes the Australian visitor is the existence of two distinct and totally dissimilar Londons—the one in the west abounding in all the evidences of wealth and elegance, beauty and fashion, culture and refinement; and the other, embracing that huge collection of densely-peopled districts in the east, a vast wilderness of poor, hard-working humanity, millions crowded together in squalid and cheerless habitations, and rarely, if ever, experiencing any appreciable relief from the grinding toil for daily subsistence. This violent contrast between the aggressive luxury of the west and the widespread wretchedness of the east, is one of the most painful and disturbing thoughts to the inquiring spectator from the antipodes, where the rounding-up of the rich and the poor, the lucky and the luckless, into two separate gigantic folds is an unheard-of proceeding. The colonist sees in this arbitrary arrangement an evil from which Greater Britain is happily free—the evil of traditional exclusiveness, which, in the case of London, has reserved the West End as the residence of the rich and consigned the millions of workers and producers to the overcrowded and unhealthy regions of the east. Better and more satisfactory in every respect would it be, if the two classes were

brought into closer communion as in the colonies, so that the one might regard the other with a perennially sympathetic interest, and both learn to be mutually courteous and helpful. So far from these satisfactory social relations prevailing in the metropolis of the empire under present conditions, the situation cannot be contemplated without many misgivings, for luxurious London and indigent London forcibly remind one of two vast hostile armies encamped within sight of each other, and always in danger of violent collision. Latterly a wise and commendable philanthropy has been doing its best to brighten and purify the lives of the millions of workers in the east, but the task is a herculean one, and the civilizing agencies planted here and there are only oases in a desert of sunken humanity. The most noticeable of these philanthropic experiments is the People's Palace, in the Mile End Road, which I have frequently visited on Saturday evenings. It is an institution of great versatility, embracing within it technical instruction, a gallery of valuable pictures, the nucleus of a popular library, and a large hall in which high-class musical entertainments are given, admission being obtained by the payment of a merely nominal sum. It is very largely patronized by the class of people for whom it was devised, and its unequivocal success has given life and

vigour to a movement for the establishment of similar institutions in other populous districts of London.

Jews and wealth are so invariably and so intimately associated in the colonies, that the numerous hordes of poverty-stricken Hebrews encountered in the East End of London are a revelation and a surprise to the Australian spectator. They are principally foreigners, and their willingness to work for a bare subsistence has necessarily resulted in an appreciable reduction in the market price of labour. The evidence given before the committee of the House of Lords on the "sweating system," has made it abundantly clear that the London labour market has suffered severely from this foreign invasion. In and around Whitechapel these foreign Jews congregate with clannish persistency, and work laboriously at various manual trades from morning until midnight. The women are no less industrious, and, notwithstanding that the great majority of them live in squalid surroundings, and have no means of gratifying the inherent love of the Jewess for dress and personal adornment, their stately figures and handsome features stand out in bold relief against a background of general destitution, and in the midst of all that is repulsive and uncongenial, they preserve and exhibit the native nobility of their race. Petticoat Lane, or

THE H. R. 10000 - 10000

Middlesex Street at 1 and the other street
is the characteristic sign of the neighbourhood :
is the fine-framed Jewish houses in the lower & lower
description and the opposite : the street is narrow
mornings when business is at its height . some
thing not easily noted from the distance . The
throng of Hebrew women and children and occasional
Gentiles ; the modest houses of stone and plaster
wearing apparel in which Jewish ladies : as
lied to be the upper middle-class of London
the showing the name of the street and the
household all combined to make it a scene of Jewish
novelty, which we Europeans and Americans are
spectator as to come into a large and
and the impression of such interesting scenes
ings on a Sunday morning.

[illegible]

sculptured perpetuations of the great and the good. Pilgrims from many a land linger lovingly in this "great temple of silence and reconciliation," meditating before the tombs of their favourite heroes, surveying the architectural beauties of nave, and aisle, and chapel, or listening to the stately music of the organ that is so completely and impressively in harmony with the spirit of the scene. The blackened walls of Westminster Abbey on the outside—the result of centuries of exposure to the sooty climate of London—are a remarkable contrast to the grace, the lightness, and the untarnished elegance of its interior aspect. No one can study this History of England in stone without being deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene, so graphically portrayed by the sympathetic pen of Washington Irving:

"It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown."

Poets' Corner, which is comprised in the south transept of the Abbey, is perhaps, to the majority of visitors, its most sacred and interesting section, for it contains the tombs and memorials of many illus-

THE LITURGICAL BOOKS

trious masses of English manuscript. The
Common Prayer Book, the Book of Hours,
Books of Hours, Books of Hours, and
Services are among the most beautiful
literary books in the world. The
this manuscript is the most beautiful
and will long remain a masterpiece of
questioned in the world.

Manuscripts of the Book of Hours are
intellectual and artistic masterpieces.
Henry the Seventh's Book of Hours, the
Abbey. The manuscript is the most
exhausted in the effort to produce a
writers to illustrate it were to produce
the wealth and variety of the most
bined strength and symmetry of the most
truly magnificent manuscript. The
draw one's gaze from the other. The
beated ceiling, it would seem, is the most
art, it made it a masterpiece of
chapel, and a masterpiece of
with an infinite of elaborate and
devices. The whole is the most
miracle of art, yet the most perfect
a detailed description of its various beauties would
need a volume. Its founder, Henry the Seventh,
sleeps by the side of his Queen in a gorgeous tomb.

erected in the centre of the nave. A few yards away in the northern aisle lies the haughty tyrannical Elizabeth, whilst the tomb of her lovely hapless victim—Mary Queen of Scots—in the opposite aisle emphasizes with dramatic intensity the common lot of oppressor and oppressed. Graves of monarchs and their children are seen at every step, and the words of Waller are not necessary to remind us that we are in that antique pile :

“Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :
It gives them crowns and does their ashes keep,
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep ;
Making the circle of their reign complete,
These suns of empire, where they rise they set.”

The coronation chair, in which for six centuries the monarchs of England have assumed the diadem, stands at the western end of the chapel of Edward the Confessor, which is in front of the principal entrance to the chapel of Henry the Seventh. This venerable piece of furniture, time-worn and dilapidated, exhibits a far more ancient relic beneath its seat, the dark irregular stone of destiny on which the Irish kings of long ages past were crowned on Tara's hill. In the centre of this chapel is the shrine of the sainted Saxon king who was the first founder of the Abbey more than 800 years ago. Once the pride and the glory of Catholic England,

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH

and the goal of many a pilgrimage is the spot of
faith, the shrine of its founder the Lutheran is no
longer a thing of beauty covered with rich offerings
and precious stones. It has been mutilated and
mutilated to such a degree that it is no longer
but a shadow of its former splendour and grandeur.
Still, even in its present diminished condition, the
dark towering walls of the Lutheran are a regu-
larly majestic and imposing presence. Immense
crowds of spectators, attracted for the most part by
idle curiosity, are constantly passing and a pecu-
tial demeanour as they approach its sacred pre-
cincts, and thus the scene is very different from
by whom Edward the Lutheran was converted.
continues to be unbroken: "That his body be preserved here in earth and his
soul is glorified in Heaven."

The cloisters of the church of St. Mary are on
the southern side of the city, and the church
house, in which they used to work, is still
to be seen with most of its ancient charac-
teristics preserved, notwithstanding that it has been
subjected to the various changes of renovation.
It is a beautiful, spacious circular chamber
with a massive pillar in the centre supporting the
finely-arched roof overhead. The only seating ac-
commodation it provides is a stone bench running

round the whole extent of the walls. It was on this hard cold bench that the monks sat in penitential humility, the abbot and four of the chief monastic officers occupying the extreme eastern portion of the circle. This chapter-house is furthermore exceedingly interesting as being closely identified with the rise and growth of parliamentary government in England, for it was here that the House of Commons, during the first three centuries of its existence, assembled by permission of the Abbot of Westminster, and laid the foundation of the popular and powerful legislative assembly that is the parent of all the parliaments in the British dominions to-day.

St. Paul's Cathedral, whose lofty and symmetrical dome, surmounted by a golden gallery and a golden cross, is the most conspicuous object in London, occupies the summit of Ludgate Hill in the heart of the City; and, though it does not possess the wealth of historical interest enshrined in the tombs and memorials of the Abbey, its world-wide fame as the largest church in Christendom, next to St. Peter's in Rome, attracts ceaseless crowds of eager sightseers from all nations. The controversy occasioned by the recent erection of a gorgeous reredos, or high altar, imported from Italy, at the eastern extremity of the chancel, has had the natural result of considerably swelling the average daily stream of

visitors. Immensity and solidity are the characteristic features of St. Paul's. Its vast interior is destitute of ornament for the most part, but the stern simplicity of its walls lends an added charm to the majestic lines of the great dome overhead. Payment of a small fee secures permission to climb up to the golden gallery that encircles the top of the dome, and there, 400 feet above the busy street below, one gazes around on the mightiest city of modern times, spreading itself out towards all the points of the compass, and bewildering the eye with the extent and variety of its architectural prospect. The remains of Wellington rest in a stately sarcophagus in the crypt, and a chapel is dedicated to his memory in the southern aisle of the cathedral. Mr. Boehm's recumbent statue of the chivalrous, ill-fated General Gordon of Khartoum is always surrounded by sympathetic hero-worshippers. The monuments of Nelson and his brother-victors of the sea have likewise many devotees, but the peaceful art of the painter does not appeal so powerfully to the popular mind, judging from the general lack of interest in the tombs of Turner, Landseer and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The gallery that runs round the interior base of the dome is reached by a long winding-stair, and is known far and wide as the "whispering gallery," for it is so perfectly circular

that a whisper at any one point is heard along the whole circuit of the wall, to the manifest surprise and delight of the young people. Not the least interesting sight in connection with this colossal cathedral is the dense crowd that gathers on the last night of the old year in the open space around—St. Paul's Churchyard—to give the traditional rousing cheer of welcome to the youngest son of old Father Time, as soon as the resounding boom of the great cathedral clock announces the advent of the little stranger.

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, who is fittingly interred within the walls of his masterpiece, has supplied London with a number of minor churches of striking beauty, whose white symmetrical spires are a grateful relief to the prosaic buildings in their immediate vicinity. Many of these City churches, though largely endowed and exceedingly wealthy, are without congregations, for trade and commerce have relentlessly destroyed nearly all the picturesque old dwelling-houses, so that very few people now live in the City proper. The result of this almost complete transference of the residential population to suburban London, is to leave the handsome City churches practically untenanted on Sundays, that is, with an average attendance of five or six individuals. This anomalous state of things has led to a cry for the demolition of

THE TEMPLE CHURCH

some of these venerable fabric: but the only one that has survived their ravages and is now a ruin, is the church, a valuable ground, but such a ruinous one, that it does not deserve to succeed for its ruin, and it is an unworthy speculative plan, and it is the loss of the irreparable loss of the church, and of the historic associations that would be lost by the adoption of such a ruinous plan.

The Temple Church, which is a ruinous one, is a Street through a low, irregular building, and an edifice to which every one should go at early visit, for it is not only one of the most and best-preserved specimens of Norman architecture in England, but its contiguous neighbourhood was called pressed by intrusive lawyers' houses, the tomb of one of the most universal powers of the age—characters—the great, and the most famous, Oliver Goldsmith. Here is a fine view of the Temple buildings where the great poet, the author of "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" lived and died. The triangular stone, the only one, to cover his remains—but the only one, and the only genius was not placed in the ground, and the death—bears the brief, and the only one, lies Oliver Goldsmith." The church, the only one, collectively known as the "Temple Church," and the exclusive occupation of the church, the only one.

from the fact that a far different class of persons was originally in possession—the Knights Templars, the chivalrous soldiers of the Cross, the very antitheses of the cold-blooded, unsentimental fraternity who have usurped their domain. The Temple Church, with its noble round tower and its venerable effigies of departed Crusaders, is an architectural gem that shines with increased lustre by reason of its present uncongenial environment.

Ely Chapel, hidden in a little side street off the main road of Holborn, is another instance of an ancient fabric hemmed in amidst incongruous surroundings. The site of the once magnificent City palace of the Bishops of Ely is now occupied by thickly-clustered shops and offices, and naught remains to tell of its former existence but this massively-constructed and singularly interesting chapel. Built nearly 600 years ago, its walls have witnessed the celebration of solemn high mass with all possible pomp and ceremony in the presence of successive Bishops of Ely in the old days of the Roman obedience. Then came the religious revolution under Henry VIII., and for long years afterwards prelates who refused to acknowledge the Papal supremacy were in possession of Ely Chapel. With the abandonment and the demolition of the episcopal palace, to which it was attached, the chapel fell upon evil days, and was desecrated by being used

as a sort of general market for the people in the neighbourhood. From this scandalous profanation it was eventually rescued, without, fortunately, having suffered any serious damage, and transformed into a National School. A Welsh church was the next character it assumed in its chequered career, and now it is once again in the possession of its original owners, for it was re-purchased by the Roman Catholics about twelve years ago, and placed under the charge of the Fathers of the Order of Charity. Its walls are of immense strength and thickness, and its founders evidently built for all time. The one great ornament it displays is a large and beautifully-stained glass window over the high altar, dedicated to St. Etheldreda, the daughter of a Saxon king, and the patroness of the church. Not the least interesting circumstance in connection with Ely Chapel is the authenticated historical fact that, within its walls, the last performance of a "mystery play" in England was given in the reign of James I., a religious drama representing with reverential care a series of scenes in the Redeemer's Passion, such as is still periodically enacted amongst the peasants of Ober-Ammergau.

Walking westwards from Ely Chapel along the busy thoroughfare of Holborn, and turning into the extensive square on the left known as Lincoln's Inn Fields, we are in the neighbourhood of another remarkable though

unseen chapel. Unseen because it is joined on to the back of one of the ordinary houses on the western side of the square, and the average passer-by would be absolutely unaware of its existence. This concealment was intentional and necessary, for here the Catholics of London practised their religion in secrecy and stealth during the long dark night of the penal code, and attended the celebration of mass by priests who were officiating at the peril of their lives. The house in front was occupied by the Sardinian Ambassador, the representative of a foreign Catholic power, and it was through his rooms that the English Catholics passed to the little chapel at the rear, there being for obvious reasons no direct entrance to a proscribed place of worship. The Spanish chapel of St. James in Manchester Square, and the Bavarian chapel of the Assumption, off Regent Street, are later examples of English Roman Catholic worship protected by the presence and the patronage of friendly foreign ambassadors. As concealment is no longer needed, there are now three public entrances from a little side street ; but the Sardinian chapel still retains the distinguishing characteristic of quiet unobtrusiveness that it has worn for well-nigh two-and-a-half centuries of religious storm and strife. It was furiously attacked and partially destroyed on the first day of the infamous No Popery riots, headed by the fanatical Lord George Gordon, in

1780, but, though seriously injured and sacrilegiously outraged, it survived that savage assault of a misguided populace, and stands to-day alike triumphant over penal laws and popular violence. It possesses an organ of exceptional power and purity of tone, and its altar-piece—"The Taking Down from the Cross"—is esteemed by professional critics as one of the finest and most valuable sacred pictures in London. The interior aspect of the Sardinian chapel is by no means of an ecclesiastical type, and, in that respect, it seems to still further illustrate the predominant idea and intention of its founders—to conceal its real character and purpose as much as possible. It is shaped like a little theatre, with two tiers of galleries running round its walls. Though once a fashionable and wealthy locality, the neighbourhood is now almost entirely occupied by poor, hard-working families inhabiting the countless courts and alleys around Drury Lane, but the Sardinian chapel will always have an affectionate interest for the Catholics of London by reason of its walls, in the words of Cardinal Manning, "having been consecrated by the prayers of thousands of sainted predecessors in the faith."

From the Sardinian chapel to the Brompton Oratory, from the modest secluded little hiding-place of the persecuted in bygone days to the splendid soaring temple of revived æsthetic Catholicism, is a transforma-

tion scene strikingly illustrative of the radical change that has come over the religious situation in England during the Victorian era. Catholics are no longer the persecuted, but the courted. Their difficulty is not now to find a place in which to hide themselves, but to make room in their numerous and well-known churches for the crowds of converts and inquirers that seek admission. Nowhere perhaps is this new-born interest in the old religion more remarkably or more generally manifested than in the Brompton Oratory. This noble basilica, in which all the resources of painting, sculpture, and music are utilized as aids to religion, is a monumental outcome of the Oxford movement, for it owes its existence to that distinguished convert and graceful poet, Father Faber, the founder and first superior of the London congregation of St. Philip Neri. Father Faber's popular hymns are sung and prized by various denominations, but their effect is peculiarly inspiring when sung on Sunday evenings in Father Faber's own church by three or four thousand voices in unison. The sermons at the Oratory are as a rule, thoughtful, well reasoned, and well delivered. They deal considerably with controversial topics of the time, and are largely addressed to the numerous contingent of seekers after truth that are known to be present. This pulpit aggressiveness indeed strikes the Australian visitor very forcibly in the London Roman Catholic

churches generally, for it is a reversal of his antipodean experience. There the predominant object of the preacher is to confirm and consolidate the faith of his Catholic hearers, and he therefore takes but slight cognizance of the presence of heretics ; but in London there is evidently a much keener desire on the part of the preacher to bring in the unbelievers than to look after those who are already within the fold. But this peculiarity is, after all, only natural in the revived and reorganized Catholic Church of England, which numbers amongst its leading clergy no mean contingent of converts from the Anglican Establishment, all burning with the proverbial zeal of the neophyte, and supremely anxious to induce their former friends to follow their example.

Smithfield and Tyburn are London localities of lurid renown, whose names have become synonyms for those stormy times when the Reformed Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church were at mortal enmity, when the ascendant majority of the moment showed no mercy to the hapless minority, when Catholic burnt Protestant at the stake as a heretic, and Protestant in turn burnt Catholic as a traitor. Smithfield, the scene of so many burnings of Protestants during the reign of the Catholic Queen Mary, is a little to the north of St. Paul's Cathedral. Its present name is understood to be a

corruption of "Smooth field," for such it was seven hundred years ago when royalty, valour, and beauty assisted at the knightly tournaments that were of frequent occurrence within its smooth and regular area. A couple of centuries later, it was a recognized meeting-place for the citizens of London; but its title to enduring fame, or rather notoriety, rests on the numerous martyrdoms by fire that were consummated within its bounds during the Reformation epoch. It is now almost entirely covered by the immense central meat market for the supply of London—a unique and lively spectacle in the early hours of the morning, but liable to one serious drawback, the constant peril of becoming bewildered and being knocked down in consequence amongst the army of brawny bare-headed butchers, rushing in all directions and bearing huge carcases on their shoulders. At night the neighbourhood is one of the quietest in the great metropolis. The mammoth market-place is closed, the erstwhile roaring scene is deserted, scarcely a soul is to be seen in the surrounding streets, and the contemplative spectator is free to pursue his meditations undisturbed, to repeople this remarkable spot with queens and knights and heroes of the days of chivalry, with great crowds of Londoners resolutely asserting or defending their civic rights, with the flame-encircled victims of the religious madness of the hour.

Tyburn, with its no less dismal memories of fanaticism and folly, is now a fashionable quarter in the West End, covered with handsome mansions and noble streets. The precise spot on which so many Roman Catholic priests and laymen gave up their lives in defence of the Papal supremacy, cannot now be definitely determined, but the authorities agree that it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the magnificent Marble Arch, the principal entrance to Hyde Park, erected by George IV. at a cost of £90,000. The aristocratic residents in Tyburnia, it may be taken for granted, trouble themselves little about the previous character of the locality in which they live, and they are wise, for it is not a very soothing reflection at midnight that a host of highway robbers, atrocious murderers, and detestable criminals generally, met their doom on the ground beneath you. Tyburn was used for centuries as a place for the public execution of malefactors, and the now fine and fashionable thoroughfare that leads up to it—Oxford Street—was originally known as Tyburn Road. From Newgate Prison, near Smithfield, the condemned were taken and drawn along Holborn and Tyburn Road, accompanied by demonstrative crowds cheering the highwaymen, who always went merrily to the gallows, and venting their execration on those cowed and dejected

wretches who had been condemned for unpopular crimes.

The antipodean visitor cannot repress the thrilling sensation that comes over him when his eyes rest for the first time on the far-famed Tower of London—one of the great historic buildings of the world, and the theatre of many a gorgeous spectacle and many a ghastly tragedy. It is a vast and venerable pile, occupying an extensive and enclosed area, abutting on the river at the eastern extremity of the City proper. Originally designed and used as a fortress, it was surrounded by a deep moat into which the waters of the Thames could be turned when necessary, this stronghold of the Norman conquerors and their successors being thereby completely isolated and secured from sudden capture by an enemy. But the moat is now filled up, and a pleasant circular garden for the public occupies its site. The visitor enters the precincts of the Tower through a guarded archway, and he does not advance many yards before he beholds an object on the right that brings before his mental vision a long procession of illustrious captives and luckless victims of o'er-vaulting ambition. It is the "Traitors' Gate," a low and gloomy passage communicating with the river, through which the State prisoners confined in the Tower were taken to stand their trial at Westminster, and, after con-

demnation, were brought back to await the operation of the headsman's axe. The exact spot on the green between the White Tower and the Beauchamp Tower, where Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite, and many other historic characters laid their heads on the block, is indicated by a tablet. It is to the White Tower—the kernel of the whole pile—that the full tide of visitors invariably flows, for there the dazzling exhibition of the Crown jewels and regalia, vigilantly guarded by the picturesquely-attired beef-eaters, is to be seen and admired. But a far greater human interest attaches to the Beauchamp Tower on the opposite side of the green, for this is a massive prison-house whose interior walls are covered with inscriptions and devices cut into the stone by its unhappy inmates. After the lapse of centuries these melancholy memorials of a monotonous captivity are still plainly legible, and are exceedingly interesting as a psychological study. Some of the prisoners can only be identified by the initials they carefully carved in the wall; others laboriously cut their names in full and added the date of their imprisonment; a few whiled away the time by ornamentally engraving their favourite Scriptural texts, and captives of noble birth seem to have derived a sort of painful pleasure from the reproduction of their family coats-of-arms on their

prison-walls. The unfortunate Lady Jane Grey modestly left the word "Jane" as the solitary memorial of her imprisonment, but it is uncertain whether the name was actually carved by her own delicate fingers, or by those of her equally young and luckless husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. The unflinching Earl of Arundel, a Roman Catholic nobleman, who was confined here for a considerable portion of the reign of Elizabeth, is represented by these pathetic words:—"The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned him with honour and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting He will be just. Arundel, June 22nd, 1587." Equally touching is the prayerful inscription left by Thomas Miagh, an Irishman who was brought over to London and cruelly tortured in 1581, to make him confess a correspondence with the Irish rebels of that time:—"O Lord, who art in Heaven, grant grace and life everlasting to Miagh, Thy servant in prison." Charles Bailly, an ardent sympathizer with the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, was caught with compromising letters in his possession, and, during his imprisonment, he enriched the walls with a number of sagacious observations, such as:—"Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do, to examine before they speak, to prove before they take in hand, to beware whose company

they use, and, above all things, to whom they trust." "Be friend to one—Be enemy to none," is another of his contributions to the collection, and he also carved this little lesson in philosophy apparently for the benefit of the prisoners who would succeed him :— "The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversities, for men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with the impatience which they suffer." Thomas Roper, who was confined for his rigid adherence to the old Catholic faith, consoled himself by carving the alliterative inscription :—"By the painful passage let us pass to the pleasant port." He is understood to have been a member of the Kentish family of Roper that was connected by marriage with the great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, who was himself imprisoned within the Tower, and who, in company with Cardinal John Fisher, the aged Bishop of Rochester, laid down his life in defence of the Papal supremacy.

This most stern and depressing of State prisons is about the last place in the world where one would expect to come across a joke of any description, yet it has held distinguished captives whose natural cheerfulness and good-humour did not desert them even whilst they were standing on the threshold of an ignominious death. One of these blithe, philosophic spirits was Thomas Abel, a man of vast erudition,

who held the office of private chaplain to Catherine of Arragon. He espoused the cause of the outraged queen, protested against the unjust divorce, and was thrown into the Tower for his temerity in opposing the wishes of the tyrannical and unscrupulous Henry the Eighth. During his incarceration he illustrated his prison walls with an elaborate pictorial pun upon his own name. He carved an admirable representation of a church bell, correct in drawing and true to the smallest detail, inscribing it with the Roman letter "A," and surmounting it with his neatly-cut Christian name, the whole forming a pleasant little conundrum having for its answer "Thomas Abel." This clever and genial artist laid his head on the block on July 30, 1540, having been condemned to death for refusing to acknowledge Henry the Eighth as the head of the church in England.

Sir Walter Raleigh, Archbishop Laud, the Earl of Strafford, and Algernon Sydney were four of the most famous prisoners in the Tower. Sir Walter made good use of the long years of his captivity by an enthusiastic cultivation of literature and science, for which the world is his debtor to this day. The White Tower, in which he was confined, is now chiefly occupied by a large and diversified collection of ancient armour, and the spoils of centuries of British warfare. Every type of weapon that has been used in times

past or present for the purposes of offence or defence is here exhibited. It is a military museum of the first magnitude, in which the spectator sees himself surrounded by crowds of silent witnesses to the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

The British Museum is the antithesis of the Tower. No blood stained memories or relics of national strife are associated with the colossal building in Bloomsbury. It is the consecrated home of the arts of peace. It is filled with priceless examples of all that is rare and beautiful in the world of art, and all that is instructive and interesting in the revelations of historic research. The treasures of the ancient world are here displayed in all their mighty magnificence, and every modern land has contributed its representative products to form a truly cosmopolitan and leviathan collection. But it is the far-famed circular reading-room, environed by two millions of printed books and thousands of precious manuscripts, that constitutes the glory and the pride of the British Museum. Few can repress an exclamation of surprise and admiration as they gaze for the first time around this great literary rotunda, peopled by scholars, students, and authors, and crowned by a lofty, graceful, and harmonious dome. Eighty thousand volumes are within the readers' range of vision, but a printed form properly filled up is all that is necessary to

procure any work that may be desired, a small army of officials being constantly engaged in bringing books to readers from the invisible regions beyond the immense visible circle of standard literature. It would be very difficult to name a book of any kind that is not to be seen in the library of the British Museum. The visitor from every country under the sun, it has been said with truth, finds his country's literature far better represented in the British Museum than at home. This is certainly the case with the colonial visitor, for I found the Australian department much larger, completer, and more representative in every respect than any single collection in either Melbourne or Sydney. The South Kensington Museum, which had its origin in the Exhibition of 1851, rivals the British in the domains of science and art, but is immeasurably inferior in literary interest.

What Sir Robert Peel declared to be the finest site in Europe—Trafalgar Square, on which the heroic Nelson looks down from the lofty summit of his triumphant pillar—is bounded on the north by the National Gallery, a building low, plain, and unimpressive, and very far from realizing the magnificent possibilities of its position. Its interior is divided into a number of well-lighted rooms, exhibiting different schools of painting, but the superlative

attraction is the majestic series of landscapes bequeathed to his country by Turner, the poetic charm of whose delightful work is only known to the majority of colonists through the inadequate art of the engraver. The National Portrait Gallery is now established in the Bethnal Green branch of the South Kensington Museum, several visits to which are necessary in order to become fully acquainted with the long lines of counterfeit presentments of England's worthies, arranged in chronological order.

That London was once a remarkably monastic and Catholic city is amply attested by the numerous localities that still retain their ancient religious titles, although the institutions themselves were swept out of existence during the destructive reign of Henry VIII. Whitefriars, Blackfriars, Austin Friars, Crutched Friars, &c., are well-known districts named after the different religious orders, whose hospitable monasteries and contiguous gardens flourished where trade and commerce now hold undisputed sway. St. John's Gate, in Clerkenwell, and the rugged venerable old buildings that environ it, constitute the one notable surviving relic of monastic London. The historian of Clerkenwell correctly describes St. John's Gate as "standing alone in its hoary grandeur—a memorial of the past and its stirring histories." This ancient massive Gothic gateway was the southern entrance to the

once-famous priory of St. John of Jerusalem, whose grounds and gardens are now covered by streets and houses. It is a singularly picturesque piece of antiquity in the midst of modern surroundings, and it has fortunately been preserved from the sacrilegious hands of reforming Vandals. Apart altogether from its monastic character, the literary associations attached to St. John's Gate entitle it to reverential treatment and lasting respect. The antique rooms abutting on the beautifully groined archway were a memorable battle-ground for the freedom of the press, for here Cave established his printing office 160 years ago, reported the proceedings in Parliament in defiance of the exclusive legislature of that era, and published every month the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which still displays a picture of St. John's Gate on its title-page. Here, too, Dr. Johnson spent the early years of his London life in the laborious service of Cave, "plying his pen all day in hermit-like seclusion," and either reproducing from memory or rapidly manufacturing those famous Parliamentary speeches, in which he took particular care not to give the Whigs the best of the argument. At the entrance to Austin Friars—a labyrinthine locality to the east of the Bank of England—two statues of contemplative Augustinian monks serve as silent reminders of the vanished days when psalm and hymn were heard in what is now the

busiest quarter of the great metropolis. Covent Garden, the famous London market for fruits and flowers, only disguises, by the omission of a single letter, the fact that it has usurped the site of a former convent garden. Whitefriars, after the expulsion of the Carmelites, degenerated into one of the most dangerous and disreputable districts of London; but its respectability has again been restored, and it is now a harmless if, at times, somewhat noisy newspaper-producing locality between Fleet Street and the river. Blackfriars, a little further to the east, perpetuates the name and fame of the sable-clad Dominicans, whose monastery stood where the huge establishment of the *Times* now rears its lofty head. Playhouse Yard, in the immediate vicinity of the *Times* office, is an historic spot, for it is the only surviving witness to the site of the old Blackfriars Theatre, within whose walls several of Shakespeare's immortal works were first produced, and where the great dramatist himself regularly played his part. Indeed, we are assured on the best antiquarian authority that Shakespeare's theatre was actually a portion of the old monastic buildings.

The antipodean lover of the drama has abundant opportunities in London for the gratification of his tastes, for many are the temples dedicated to Thespis, and their number is being constantly increased. Com-

paring London audiences with those of his previous acquaintance, he cannot help noticing how considerably more demonstrative they are, alike in the expression of displeasure and satisfaction. Hissing is seldom resorted to in colonial theatres, even when ample provocation is given on the stage, but the average London audience does not believe in dissembling its feelings, and is not restrained by any chivalrous canons of fraternal charity from showing unmistakably what it thinks of an incompetent performer or an uninteresting play. This difference in demeanour is largely attributable to the fact that only established London successes are as a rule presented to colonial audiences, and that entirely new plays are rarely submitted to their judgment, whereas London audiences constitute a jury that practically decides the fate of dramatic essays for America and Australia, as well as for the mother country. It is, perhaps, this ever-present knowledge of the responsibility resting upon them, combined with a sort of traditional independence, that makes London playgoers, as a class, so sensitive to everything that takes place on the stage, and so uncompromising in the expression of the predominant feeling of the moment. To howl down a new piece for two mortal hours by way of resenting the restriction of the seating space in a particular quarter of the house, strikes the unpre-

judiced spectator as a singularly childish and stupid proceeding, yet such was the scene I was once astonished to witness in a leading London theatre. Casual political allusions in plays are received by colonial audiences with a good-humoured general laugh or with serene indifference, as the case may be, but in London they are caught up with wholly unnecessary vehemence, and the inevitable result is the transformation of the theatre into a temporary Babel.

There are two obtrusive annoyances in London theatres from which the colonies are fortunately free. The one is the incessant and defiant demanding of fees by theatre officials for merely nominal or routine services, and the other is the systematic breach of the proprieties by streams of fashionable late-comers, who seem to be utterly and selfishly indifferent to the amount of inconvenience and distraction they impose on the punctual audience. These scandals have been frequently denounced in the London press, but to no purpose apparently, for they are now as rampant as ever. The fee-system nuisance has been suppressed for a time in one or two theatres, and there is no reason why it should not be permanently suppressed in all; and, as for the latter grievance, a reform can hardly be expected so long as society insists on dining unduly late, and so long as theatrical managers are largely dependent on society for support.

The colonial visitor is perhaps more particularly struck by the mounting of the pieces in the principal London theatres than by any marked superiority in their performance. Mr. Henry Irving is generally regarded as the foremost, the representative English actor of the day, yet his pronounced mannerisms and his palpably artificial style, to which his host of admirers have grown accustomed, are far from pleasing on a first acquaintance. But whatever estimate may be formed of him as an actor, no one can deny to Mr. Irving the praise due to a stage manager of the highest order of artistic excellence. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty, the sublimity, the harmony and completeness in every detail, that characterize the series of stage pictures that he has presented for several hundreds of nights at the Lyceum Theatre in the dramatized version of "Faust." The scene on the summit of the Brocken, with all its weird demoniac accessories and its eloquently-expressive pantomime, is a veritable triumph of art without a parallel in modern theatrical annals.

Miss Mary Anderson is an actress who has achieved fame more by virtue of her classical beauty of feature and form than by any exceptional histrionic abilities with which she is endowed. In plays that call for an exhibition of the statuesque—such as "Pygmalion and Galatea," and "The Winter's Tale"—the fair American

is unapproachable; but when the heart, and not the eye, has to be touched, when womanly pathos and earnest sensibility have to be simulated, her success is not so conspicuous. In the display of emotional intensity and power, Mrs. Kendal is without a rival on the London stage, although she is perhaps not so versatile an actress as Miss Ellen Terry.

Of late years the drama as an instructor has been perceptibly receding into the background, and the drama as an entertainer has been taking its place. Comedies of the farcical type, with grotesque characters and extravagantly-humorous situations, are what the playgoers of the day most heartily applaud and desire. A new generation of comic actors has arisen to supply this demand, but none of them have yet succeeded in ousting the evergreen J. L. Toole from the supremacy he has enjoyed for many a year as the most legitimately-diverting actor of the day. His humour is so natural and unforced; he seems so serious while he is convulsing his audience with merriment; he is so careful never to exceed the limits of good taste in all he says and does, that his general popularity is easily accounted for. His theatre in King William Street, at the western end of the Strand, is a place of honest recreation, and is furthermore historically interesting as the hall in which Cardinal Newman, after his secession from

the Church of England, vindicated his action in a series of powerful lectures to audiences of the most eminent, cultured, and intellectual type.

Hyde Park, the great lung of London, is approached from the two spacious thoroughfares of Piccadilly and Oxford Street. It may be studied under diametrically opposite conditions—as the regular parading-ground of the wealth, fashion, and beauty of the English metropolis; and as the recognized meeting-place and safety-valve of the agitated and discontented democracy. During what is known as the “season,” that is from May to July, the outer circle of the park is in the exclusive possession of aristocratic vehicles that are driven round and round in endless processions to enable their lolling lady-occupants to see and be seen. It is not a particularly edifying spectacle, but it is unquestionably attractive as a gratuitous show, and there is always a considerable array of inquisitive on-lookers. To pass from this needless exhibition of idle luxury and thoughtless vanity to a monster meeting of the toiling thousands within the park, is an experience that accentuates the great gulf between the masses and the classes in London, and insensibly leads to speculations as to the ultimate solution of this momentous social problem. St. James’s Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens form a delightful and beneficent chain of recreation grounds

in the heart of the modern Babylon, whilst supplementary breathing-spaces are supplied by Victoria Park in the east, the Regent's Park in the north-west, Hampstead Heath in the north, and Battersea Park in the south-west. But all these and others unnamed are not adequate to the needs of a city of the immense size and population of London, and advantage is therefore wisely taken of every opportunity to add to the metropolitan reserves. Even the ancient consecrated burial-grounds attached to the historic churches have been pressed into the service of the living, provided with seating accommodation, and tastefully replanted. In some instances all traces of their original vocation have been entirely obliterated.

The public buildings of London, taken as a whole, are somewhat disappointing to colonial eyes. They are, in general, architecturally inferior to antipodean structures of the like character, however superior they may be in antiquarian interest and historic associations. For example, the Mansion House and the Guild Hall strike one as singularly inadequate symbols of the power, position, and influence of the Lord Mayor and the ancient Corporation of the City of London. They would sink into insignificance by the side of the magnificent town halls of Melbourne and Sydney. The much-vaunted New Law Courts at the eastern end of the Strand are unquestionably a fine Gothic pile, but

their cramped situation and the impossibility of getting a satisfactory view of the building as a whole, make the structure seem lacking in dignity and architectural effect, when compared with the massive domed Palace of Justice that crowns the summit of the western hill of Melbourne. The scattered irregular buildings that constitute the General Post Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the elaborate ornamental piles in which the Post-masters-General of Victoria and New South Wales preside. The wonder to the stranger is how it is possible to receive, sort, and distribute in such a limited space the enormous mass of correspondence, newspapers, &c., that is daily and unceasingly poured into St. Martin's-le-Grand. One of the characteristic sights of London, and not the least interesting to the reflective spectator, is to stand in the outer porch, between five and six in the afternoon, and watch the hurrying crowds of clerks and messengers from all quarters, as they empty their bulging bags of letters into the capacious baskets beneath, which are filled and removed with astonishing celerity by the officials in attendance. The fact that London is the commercial centre of the globe is brought home to the mind with more lasting force and directness by this bustling concentrated scene than by hours of walking along miles and miles of mercantile thoroughfares, or even

by the stirring sight of the forests of masts in the docks below London Bridge.

The banks of London, like its public buildings, are considerably less ornate than the financial institutions of the colonies, whose rivalry and jealousy lead to perhaps an unduly lavish expenditure on sculpture, stone-dressing, and front elevations. The Bank of England, with its world-wide fame and its enormous wealth, is conservatively content to carry on business in a low, ugly, undignified structure that does a serious injustice to one of the finest central blocks of the City. In Melbourne or Sydney it would be unanimously voted an intolerable eyesore, and the most conservative board of directors would be compelled by the pressure of public opinion to utilize such a noble site to better advantage. The minor banks naturally follow the fashion set by "the old lady of Threadneedle Street," and nearly always appear in plain and modest attire. Even the London branches of colonial banks adapt themselves to their new environment, and reverse the antipodean practice by preferring economy to extravagance in the treatment of their business premises. The clubs and the palatial hotels, viewed from the architectural standpoint, are the finest buildings in modern London. Pall Mall is a street composed almost exclusively of clubs—the Athenæum, the Carlton, the Reform, the United Service, the Travellers',

&c.—and these splendid social establishments combine to make it the most attractive and imposing thoroughfare in London. Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, and the old dingy royal palace of St. James' are near its western extremity, and some little distance beyond, facing St. James' Park, is the London abode of the Queen—Buckingham Palace—an extensive but not strikingly attractive mansion, which it is difficult to believe cost a million of money to construct. There is considerably more of the palatial about the series of sumptuous residential hotels that have been erected of late years in the vicinity of the Thames Embankment, and which give that newly-created locality a decidedly distinguished appearance. Here, in Northumberland Avenue, which runs from Trafalgar Square to the Embankment, the Royal Colonial Institute has established itself in central and comfortable quarters. It will soon be entering on its majority, having been founded in 1868, and it has every reason to congratulate itself and to look back with satisfaction on its growth and development during these twenty years. It provides the only serviceable opportunity in London for the reading and discussion of papers and suggestions relating to the colonies and India, and a large amount of valuable imperial literature has been thus collected and preserved for reference in the annual

volumes of its proceedings. Its reading-rooms are well supplied with the newspapers and periodicals of Greater Britain, and, though its library cannot yet claim to be a representative colonial collection, it promises to be so at no distant date, as accessions are constantly being made. The utility and the possibilities of a well-managed institution like this are patent to every colonial visitor, and, with the unprecedented facilities for speedy and luxurious travelling that now prevail between the metropolis of the empire and its farthest extremities, the Royal Colonial Institute should, and doubtless will, become more than ever the recognized common gathering-ground for thoughtful British colonists from every point of the compass.

There is a perennial charm about the streets of London, a kaleidoscopic variety that never palls. Such main shopping thoroughfares as Regent Street, Oxford Street, and the Strand, are so constantly brimful of humanity that even the least impressionable spectator can hardly fail to experience a suggestion of that fraternal feeling, which prompted the gentle and sympathetic Charles Lamb to confess that he "often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." These street studies of London life are, of course, most attractive to Australian eyes during the fleeting intervals of sunshine with which London is occasionally favoured, but, even when day is eclipsed

by one of those dense yellow fogs for which the smoky metropolis is pre-eminent, there is a weird fascination in watching the crowds emerging, hurrying past, and disappearing in the gloom. At night, when the shops are all brilliantly illuminated and the numerous theatres and places of amusement assert themselves by a profusion of flaming gas-jets, the scene, especially in the Strand, is exceedingly animated and exciting. Pleasure-loving London is almost entirely concentrated in and about the Strand at night, for there most of the theatres are situated, and the result is a vast array of vehicles on the road and a roaring tide of humanity on the sidewalks. This continues until midnight, and then the lights perceptibly diminish, the crowds melt away by degrees, the last omnibuses and trains, heavily laden, depart for the suburbs, the nondescript night-birds are left in possession of the erstwhile crowded streets, and London snatches a few hours of comparative repose before beginning another day of toil and tumult, pleasure and pain, poverty and pomp.



8.—What London might learn from the Colonies.

LORD TENNYSON, in writing recently to that most eccentric and unpleasantly-original of American poets, Walt Whitman, took occasion to remark :—"Truly the mother country may feel that how much soever the daughter owes to her, she, the mother, has nevertheless something to learn from the daughter." Untraveller Britons are perhaps not aware, or, if aware, are naturally loath to acknowledge, that there is considerably more in this observation of the laureate's than a mere passing compliment to the genius of American progress. It is an indisputable fact that not America alone, but even the Australian colonies, quite recent off-shoots from the parent stem, have, under the quickening influences of liberal constitutions, sturdy self-dependence, and the abounding vigour of young communities, rapidly developed some legislative models and social improvements that are well worthy of imitation by a sensible grandmother,

who is not too proud to learn from the smart youngsters of the family how to suck eggs according to the latest and most approved fashion. In the January number of the *Contemporary Review*, Sir C. Gavan Duffy enumerates some of the lessons in political science which the colonies have already taught the slowly-moving, excessively-cautious, Conservatively-disposed old land. He says: "The systematic registration of real estate, the abolition of a property qualification for members of Parliament, the establishment of the ballot, a wide popular suffrage, and electoral districts of nearly equal population are among the reforms in which the colonies anticipated by many years the mother country. And there are other reforms, like payment by the State of all the cost of elections (from making the roll to the return of the writ), as well as Parliaments of a shorter duration, the reasonable compensation for the expenses incurred in attendance at Westminster, and the wisely Conservative practice which gives votes to ratepayers in shires in reasonable proportion to their responsibility to taxation, in which I do not doubt the mother country must follow their example, *nolens volens*."

But it is not with respect to the political backwardness of the mother country, as compared with the colonies, that I now propose to speak. I would rather direct attention to those social improvements

affecting the ordinary every-day life of the individual citizen, which the colonist fails to discern when he comes to London, and which loom all the larger in his mental vision by reason of their absence from his present physical perception. Take the first great and omnipresent evil that comes under the notice of the colonist in London—reckless driving, a grievance that has lately been ventilated in the correspondence columns of the *Times*. Not long ago I read in some statistical work that London holds a bad pre-eminence amongst the cities of the world for the number of persons who are either killed or maimed in its streets every year. I can easily believe such to be the case, for there are apparently no municipal bye-laws which London drivers are bound to respect and to obey. I have seen them sweep around such populous intersections as the Bank, Oxford Circus, Wellington Street and the Strand, &c., with the most bare-faced and unscrupulous disregard for the safety of the crowds of pedestrians who happened to be crossing at the time. Their brethren in Melbourne—Greater Britain's London—are far from being allowed to rule the road in this autocratic fashion. There the rights of the people on foot are conserved and protected from the arbitrary aggression of the people who hold the reins. If the latter attempt to travel faster than a walking-pace around a principal intersection, they are sum

marily stopped by the policeman on duty and fined next morning by the magistrates, and, if they repeat the offence, they run the risk of having their licences forfeited at the hands of a committee of the City Council. Lest any one should plead ignorance of the bye-law on the subject, the warning words, "Walk over crossing," printed in large capitals, are conspicuously displayed on boards and suspended from the lamp-posts. This regulation is rarely violated in Melbourne, and the results of such judicious restraint are apparent in a well-ordered street traffic, a general feeling of personal safety, and an almost absolute immunity from accidents in the populous thoroughfares. If a municipal decree of this sort is necessary in a budding London like Melbourne, how much more necessary is it in the full-blown London by the Thames.

This now omnipresent evil and perpetual peril to life and limb would be materially lessened by the adoption of the system of cable tramways, which has been for some time in active and useful operation in Melbourne and other colonial cities. One of these light, elegant, commodious, and comfortable tramcars effectually does the work of three of the heavy, lumbering, and unsightly omnibuses that are continually crawling through the metropolitan thoroughfares and reminding Londoners how far behind the age they are in the

important matter of street locomotion. The introduction of cable trams in Melbourne has been followed by a marked decrease in the number of horse vehicles in the leading streets, and, although this inevitable result was prejudicial to the interests of cabmen and 'bus proprietors, the losses of the few were trifling in comparison with the great gain to the many, by a superior system of travelling and the reduced risk of accidents to pedestrians. Equally good results, but on a much vaster scale, might be reasonably expected if London condescended to follow the example of Melbourne in this respect. London, no doubt, is already in possession of a tramway service, but it is one that is wholly inadequate to the requirements of the situation. The cars are dependent on horse power, they are of a very primitive type of construction, and are little, if at all, superior to the old-fashioned omnibuses that compete with them for public patronage. They are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the noiseless, luxurious street cars of Melbourne and San Francisco, drawn by an underground, steam-propelled, endless wire cable, and representing the highest advance that the art of street locomotion has so far attained.

There may be, and doubtless are, good and substantial reasons why the bars of London hotels should be brilliantly lighted and thrown open for trading

purposes on Sunday evenings; nevertheless, the average antipodean visitor cannot help being shocked at the repulsive sights and sounds to which this practice gives rise, so strange and offensive are they to his colonial eyes and ears, and so diametrically opposed to the sacred associations of the day. To come out of church and pass bar after bar, all filled to overflowing with uproarious men and women, is to him a novel and unwelcome experience, a very regrettable invasion of the characteristic peace and serenity of the historic and traditional Sabbath. In the colony of Victoria the liquor legislation for a long time past has sought to stamp out Sunday trading with the utmost rigour, and, though it has not altogether succeeded in attaining its main object, it has unquestionably succeeded in preventing such scandalous scenes as obtrude themselves so disagreeably on Sunday evenings in London. What is known as "limited Sunday trading" has influential advocates in the colonies, but if they could only see the system they recommend in actual operation in London, I am inclined to believe that they would soon become considerably less ardent in its championship. No doubt there is much force in the contention that it is better that people should have their drink openly and undisguisedly on Sundays, rather than resort to the back door and obtain it surreptitiously and by stealth;

but, even so, is there not a great gain to the cause of morality, propriety, and public decency in insisting on the bars being kept locked and in darkness, and thereby preventing indiscriminate crowds collecting, cursing, and blaspheming on the one day that the great bulk of the nation regards as specially dedicated to the service of the Deity?

Both on Sundays and week days, the large number of women and girls who are seen boldly entering public bars, and familiarizing themselves with the demoralizing surroundings of such places, is a painful spectacle to those who come from countries where an incident of that sort is distinctly exceptional. Rarely indeed is a female seen deliberately entering a public bar in the colonies, for there every woman knows that such a proceeding is regarded as a mark of degradation and disrepute; whereas in London the baneful habit has become so common and familiar that it is accepted as a matter of course and excites little, if any, notice, or comment, or remonstrance. And yet it must needs be an evil of appalling magnitude, when so many mothers and daughters of the working class regularly and deliberately frequent places that, they cannot help knowing, are fraught with contaminating, corrupting, and soul-destroying influences. Still more pitiful is it to see in every direction bright little girls compelled to act as jug-bearers

between the home and the hotel by callous or careless parents, and to listen to language that should never be allowed to pollute the ears of innocent childhood. Cardinal Manning, a few years ago, launched an indignant protest against the employment of children as convenient mediums of communication between parents and publicans; but even the burning words of that eminent philanthropist have been powerless to check so widespread an evil, and the saddening spectacle continues to be a perennial feature of London street life. Nothing short of stringent legislation, prohibiting, under pain of fine or imprisonment, the sale of intoxicating drink to children of tender years, will put an effectual stop to this worst and most reprehensible of parental follies.

No one has diagnosed the diseases of the labouring millions of London with greater accuracy and assiduity than Mr. G. R. Sims, and here is his testimony as to the appalling mischief resulting from the presence of this countless host of drinking dens in the East End of London:

“The public-houses are crammed all along the line. This form of ‘amusement’ seems to be the favourite one with families, for in house after house there are little groups comprising a grey-headed old lady with a glass of neat gin, a buxom young woman with a baby and ditto, and a burly young fellow with a big pewter.

On barrels against the wall and on forms set round, these groups of young men and young women are talking more or less loudly, and spending an idle hour in putting the bulk of the week's wages down their throats. It is a truism to say that the curse of the lower orders is drink, but no man with eyes can walk on a Saturday night through the homes of the wage-earning without feeling how terrible the evil is, and how earnestly, without being a bigot or a fanatic, every man who has a chance should raise his voice at the criminal neglect which flings these poor people into the arms of their only caterer—the publican.”*

The intimate alliance between the music-hall and the drinking-bar is another peculiarity of London, to which the colonial critic does not take very kindly. We have music-halls in all our leading colonial cities, but they are of a far different and much superior type to the London institutions of the same name. The drinking-bars are entirely independent of the halls; the entertainment provided is a judicious admixture of high-class vocal and instrumental music, comic singing, and dancing; no smoking is permitted, and each hall maintains its own company, and is thus enabled to present a homogeneous programme. In London, on the other hand, the bars are actually in

*“How the Poor Live,” by G. R. Sims, page 49.

the halls, incessantly inviting the audience to drink; comic, and, not unfrequently, suggestive songs and dances follow each other in monotonous procession; no attempt is made to cultivate a refined popular musical taste; no restriction is placed on the use of tobacco, with the inevitable resultant of a noxious atmosphere; and, as no London hall employs a full company exclusively for itself, the entertainment provided is necessarily of a fragmentary and disappointing description, the performers distributing themselves over a number of different and distant halls on the same evening. The antipodean music-hall is, in short, a palpable improvement on its London prototype. It minimizes the objectionable features to which this form of popular pleasure is apt to lend itself; it honestly strives to be an educating influence for good, and it unquestionably succeeds to no inconsiderable extent. It is true the colonial music-halls enjoy a very appreciable advantage over the kindred institutions of London in not being handicapped by a foolish legislative enactment expressly prohibiting the representation of dramatic scenes and sketches. The removal of this stupid and wholly unnecessary interdiction would go a long way towards rescuing the London music-hall from inartistic, unworthy, and unsatisfactory associations, and, possibly, it might even pave the way for that improved theatre of the future,

the germs of which a well-known novelist of the realistic school* recently professed to have discovered in the music-hall of the present. As Mr. Sims has neatly and truly remarked :

“A good ballad, well sung, ‘fetches’ the masses as nothing else will, and they can appreciate good music. If the managers of music-halls would do away with the coarser items in their programmes I should say that this form of entertaining the masses was absolutely calculated to benefit them. I am quite certain that to keep young men and women off the streets and away from bars is no bad service to the cause of morality.”

The library of the British Museum rejoices in a world-wide renown, and is an institution of acknowledged pre-eminence, yet, in one important particular at least, it could learn a salutary lesson from its junior brother at the antipodes—the Melbourne Public Library. It still adheres to the antiquated red-tape practice of denying all access to newspapers and periodicals until such time as they are bound in half-yearly or annual volumes. This regulation of course conduces to the ease and convenience of the officials, in whose interests it was doubtless framed ; but it is not unfrequently a source of much trouble and needless annoyance to students and investigators

* Mr. George Moore.

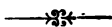
It formerly prevailed in the colonies as well, but of late years it has been wisely repealed by the trustees of the Melbourne Public Library, and now all newspapers and magazines are made immediately available for reference with the best of results. The predicted wholesale mutilation has not been verified by the event; the energy and vigilance of the officers have been called into active exercise, and the sphere of the institution's usefulness has been largely increased. The precedent thus established may be confidently commended to the best consideration of the trustees and the principal librarian of the British Museum. Where is the sense or reason in rigorously refusing a reader access to an authority five months old, and cheerfully complying with his request for one of six months? In one other very important aspect is the British Museum considerably behind its antipodean junior. The latter is illuminated throughout by scores of electric lights, and is thus made available for readers until ten o'clock every evening. On the other hand the British Museum makes but scanty use of this brilliant illuminator, and compels its patrons to retire at the early hour of eight in winter and seven in summer. Not only that, but the attendants are actually precluded from bringing any additional books to readers after sunset, in consequence of the darkness that then takes possession of the recesses of the library. How Australians would

smile at the idea of closing any of their large libraries and reading-rooms just because there was no sunlight to be had.

The London press and public have been tendering their hearty congratulations to the colonies on the completion of Australia's first century of national life, and a colonist may be permitted thus to return the compliment in the most practical shape, that is, by pointing out in these few friendly observations some of the matters in which colonial experience may prove of material advantage to the mother country.



9.—A Colonial College at Home.



A FERTILE unfailing theme of good-humoured satire and sympathetic moralizing has been supplied in the colonies for many years by that distinctive type of humanity known as the "new chum." This is the respectable young man who comes out from the old country to acquire what is summarized with airy ambiguity as "colonial experience." He has but a hazy conception of what he is going to do when he arrives at the antipodes, and is invariably a devout believer in the cardinal precept of the famous philosophy of Mr. Micawber. As a rule, he has had little or no preliminary training that would be serviceable to him in a new and undeveloped country, and the inevitable consequence is that he finds it always difficult, and often hopeless, to adapt himself to his novel environment. It is his habitual custom, as long as his money lasts, to publicly exhibit himself in the principal streets of the colonial capitals, to "swell around promiscuously," and attract general attention

by the singularity of his attire and the self-satisfied air of superiority that he affects. But a day soon comes when his limited funds show unmistakable symptoms of exhaustion, and then, if he has any shrewdness or solidity in his composition, he sees the folly of wasting any more time in the city ; he promptly packs up his essentials and casts aside his superfluities ; he makes his way into the interior of the country, and esteems himself fortunate in obtaining employment in some humble capacity on a squatter's station. There he gradually learns his colonial experience by toilsome and troublesome stages, but, if he is painstaking and persistent, he successfully emerges from the ordeal, is promoted to the managership of a station, and, in the fulness of time, develops into a prosperous squatter on his own account.

But what of the host of "new chums" who have not the strength of character or of will thus to tear themselves away from the congenial life of the city, and embrace a solitary, laborious calling in the depths of the Australian bush, or on the wide sun-scorched plains of the interior? They become the by-word and the reproach of the colonists, the drones in the hive, the scandals in the streets, ne'er-do-wells of the most degraded type. Every colonial metropolis is afflicted with a palpable percentage of these unsuitable immi-

grants, young men, often of good family and collegiate standing in the home country, but absolutely unequipped for fighting the battle of life in a new land, and helplessly out of sympathy with their surroundings. That so many of this class should come to grief in the colonies is regrettable in the extreme, but a little consideration will show that it is only what might reasonably have been expected. Young, vigorous, and progressive communities have no place available for people who come to them with undefined intentions, who lack the working and producing faculties, and who are plainly destitute of the capacity to adapt themselves to their altered situation. Perhaps no delusion has been productive of more mischief than the one that has so long been fondly entertained in the old country, and which no amount of positive testimony to the contrary seems capable of dispelling—that young men who cannot “get on” at home to their parents’ satisfaction are sure to succeed if sent away on a roving commission to the colonies. That some good and in every way admirable colonists have been developed in this haphazard fashion, is undeniable, but it is no less certain that very many of the young men thus precipitately shipped off to Australia, with no means of establishing themselves at the antipodes, beyond a little bundle of formal letters of introduction, proved even more conspicuous failures

there than in the land of their nativity. They were like ships without rudders, bereft of guiding and straightforward influences; they were deplorably deficient in ballast, and drifted about from place to place, unable to anchor securely anywhere, until they finally joined the vast Australian skeleton squadron of social wrecks.

Marcus Clarke, most eminent of Australian writers and closest observer of colonial character, has happily hit off the salient characteristics of these "new chums" in one of his inimitable sketches. "I find," he says, "that they begin life at the Port Phillip Club or Scott's Hotel; that they play billiards frequently, and abuse the colony with immense gusto. For the first fortnight they cannot go into a bar for a glass of beer without producing a sovereign to pay for it, and, even when they receive change, will frequently plunge their hands into their trousers pockets, and produce a mingled handful of silver, gold, and notes therefrom. They patronize the theatres, and inquire anxiously about private boxes for the season. They stroll down to a livery stable, and ask if 'they have got any decent cattle, you know.' They purchase portraits of popular actresses in the photograph shops, and show them to their friends with many nods, winks, and other ambiguous givings out. They can be seen in public-house bars in mid-day, and are prone to

brandy-and-soda. They get up riding parties on hired horses, and may be seen at Brighton on Sunday. They are great in buggies, and always call a seven-year-old livery-stable hack 'a little mare.' They are usually, so they say, connected with the aristocracy, and complain bitterly that 'there is no "society" in Victoria.' Yet with all this they seldom have introductions to anybody worth knowing, and are forced to consort with Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. In about a month the £100 scraped together by their widowed mothers, or saved from the wreck of their college allowance and unpaid college debts, is spent—and then? Then some burly squatter, horny of hand and bushy of beard, comes down from his station, and says, 'Come, Jack, lad; I knew thy father in the old country, and I won't see thee in a mess. Come up with me, and look round the country.' So young Hopeful goes, and is put upon a rough bush horse, and made to ride in stock; or is sent to look after some fencing ten miles from the home station; or is set to work foot-rotting, and soon finds out that life is not 'all beer and skittles,' and that young men from England are not necessarily exempt from work, nor young men in Australia quite the barbarians that our delicate-handed *habitués* of Garton's and the Earl of Zetland would have them. But the case of Jack is an exceptional case. Sometimes the gorgeous

butterfly of Collins Street comes to unutterable grief. His cheap finery wears out. Messrs. Moses' garments wax rusty, and the gilt wears off his Brummagem jewellery. He falls, and great is his fall. One fine day he disappears, and men shake their heads for a day or two. Carambole, of any billiard-room, misses his customary half-crown, and the stage-boxes of the Theatre Royal are left desolate. The haunters of the Café and Varieties miss a familiar face, and one asks, 'What has become of young New Chum; I haven't seen him lately?' But the question is never satisfactorily answered, and I ask in vain—What becomes of all these young men?"

It would be very difficult even now to supply a satisfactory, authoritative answer to this pertinent question which Marcus Clarke propounded some seventeen years ago. All that can be said in reply is that there continues to be a regular succession of "new chums" in the two great Australian centres of Melbourne and Sydney, and that, as soon as one batch prodigally dissipates its little butterfly existence, it mysteriously disappears, and another takes its place, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is this uncertain, unsatisfactory fate of so many young men who emigrate to the colonies, that entitles to general sympathy and support every honest, well-intentioned, practical effort to check such a woful waste of what might be turned

into good colonizing material if it was only properly moulded and directed by competent hands.

A novel and interesting experiment in this laudable direction is now in process of trial, with every prospect of eventual success, at a secluded spot in East Suffolk. It aims at providing British youths, who seriously contemplate making the colonies their future home, with a preliminary practical training that will stand them in good stead when they commence the battle of life either in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, or the Cape. With this praiseworthy object, a number of gentlemen who take an interest in colonial affairs have formed themselves into a company, and acquired an extensive tract of 1,300 acres on the Suffolk coast, near Hollesley Bay. Here they have established the "Colonial College," and here about 40 intelligent, prepossessing, well-developed young men, varying in age from 16 to 23, and thoroughly representative of the three kingdoms, are in residence, and in regular attendance at a diversified course of practical instruction to fit them for the vocation they have chosen. The college opened in the beginning of 1887 with a modest roll of three students, and its first scholastic year terminated on Wednesday, December 14th, 1887, with a roll of 40, figures that tell their own tale of steady and gratifying progress. The close of such a satisfactory first year was naturally made the occasion

for a little congratulatory ceremony, and on the day just mentioned a party of enthusiastic believers in the future of Greater Britain journeyed down to the college from London, on the invitation of the directors, to witness the distribution of prizes and hear the report of the managing director. Melton, the nearest station on the Great Eastern line, was reached in two hours after leaving London, and a drive of six miles towards the coast across a broad expanse of undulating country brought the visitors to the college buildings. These are small and somewhat inadequate at present, but additions are in progress that will not only facilitate the work of instruction, but also provide residential accommodation for 30 or 40 more students. It must be said, however, that extensive or very elaborate buildings are not so much needed here as in the generality of colleges, for this institution avowedly makes open-air instruction a speciality. The managing director, Mr. Robert Johnson, is an experienced practical agriculturist, and, under his general supervision, the students acquire a thorough and systematic knowledge of farming operations. How many of the host of wrecked and worthless "new chums" in the colonies might have become well-to-do, independent tillers of the soil, if they had only known how to avail themselves of the liberal land laws that are in operation all over Australia. The teaching

staff of the college seems to have been well and carefully selected. It includes that well-known popular scientist, Dr. J. E. Taylor, who has himself made a tour of the antipodes, and recorded his impressions in an instructive volume entitled "Our Island Continent." Dr. Taylor lectures to this assembly of embryonic colonists on geology, botany and zoology, and the other subjects taught comprise scientific agriculture, veterinary science, surveying, civil engineering, and building construction. Amongst the other useful arts in which systematic instruction is given are book-keeping, ambulance work, practical mechanics, management of horses, &c. A flock of Suffolk ewes enables the students to gain some acquaintance with pastoral operations, which, however circumscribed and elementary, cannot but be advantageous to those of them who intend making the interior of Australia their future scene of action. Cattle also are largely kept on the college property, and dairy work forms a prominent feature in the curriculum. Tree-felling and primitive house construction—exceedingly useful qualifications to those of the students whose future lot may be cast in the depths of the Australian bush—are arts to which the young men have devoted themselves with a will, and in which they have attained a high degree of proficiency.

After the visitors had spent some time in in-

specting the college and acquainting themselves with its educational surroundings, they were conducted to the lecture-hall, in which the full body of the students had assembled prior to dispersal for the Christmas vacation. Their appearance was decidedly prepossessing, most of them displaying bright, intelligent features, well-shaped figures and good muscular development. They seemed just the sort of young men that rising colonies could assimilate with mutual profit and advantage. There was a look of determination about them that indicated a fixed resolve to become successful colonists, and they had evidently little in common with the legion of aimless, good-for-nothing "new chums" that the mother country has packed off to the colonies with a benediction and a sigh of relief. A report, disclosing very gratifying progress and a remarkably successful first year's work, was submitted by Mr. Johnson and cordially received by the company, and then Sir Frederick Young, vice-president of the Royal Colonial Institute, distributed a number of useful, well-selected volumes amongst the most deserving and industrious of the students. In doing so, he said he could conceive of no better way in which the mother country could exhibit her sympathy with, and constant interest in, her colonial empire than in thus training up young men to become worthy and successful colonists. Sir Frederick materially

strengthened the practical application of this imperial sentiment by adducing a number of striking instances, within his own experience, of the drawbacks and the disadvantages under which pioneer colonists laboured, from the want of that special distinctive knowledge which was being imparted in the Colonial College. Lieutenant-General Lowry, Sir Farquhar Shand, and several other gentlemen of extensive colonial experience gave sound advice and solid information to the assembled students, some of whom, I observed with satisfaction, were taking notes of the speeches for preservation and future reference. Nearly all the speakers expressed their pleasure at finding geology filling so prominent a place in the college curriculum, and pointed out with truth that no knowledge could be more useful to a young colonist going into a strange country than the ability to understand the geological formation of his land, and to identify mineral wealth when he came across it. Reference was repeatedly made to the unique advantages offered to steady and enterprising young men in the Australian colonies; and, from the general applause with which these incidental allusions were greeted, I had no difficulty in perceiving that the majority of the students had already selected the antipodes as the scene of their future activity. It is not surprising that most of them should have come to this decision, for no other portion:

of the empire offers such attractions to the youthful imagination, presents such a vast extent of practically unknown territory, or exhibits such a diversity of natural resources, with such a limited population to develop them.

At a time when a more general substitution of technical training for theoretical knowledge is being vigorously and influentially advocated, the progress of this Suffolk experiment will assuredly be watched with interest both in the mother country and in the colonies, especially in the latter, which will reap the greatest profit from its permanent success. It is, of course, manifestly impossible for any institution, however well conducted, to produce and export ready-made colonists, so much depends upon the capacity of the individual to adapt himself to his new environment. But it is within the power and the province of such an institution as this to equip intending young colonists with a variety of useful accomplishments and sterling qualifications, that will be invaluable to them when they realize that they have the colonizing faculty, and are fully resolved to become successful settlers in some division of the colonial empire. The *Scotsman* recently summed up the mission of this college in a pithy sentence :—"If a young man who spends two years at Hollesley makes up his mind to learn all he can, he should leave the place with hands trained

do whatever job will 'turn up' in a colony ; with an eye to see whatever is wrong with soil, crops, farm work, or live stock ; and with a judgment trained to select and use well whatever advantages his future career may offer him."



10.—A Nestor of Colonists.



At first sight there does not seem to be anything of special interest to Australians in the announcement of the resignation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, in England. And yet the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, the bishop in question, is a unique and an interesting figure in Australian history. It was in the dark ages of colonial history—in 1832—that, as a young priest of 26, he landed in Sydney to assume the functions of Roman Catholic vicar-general over the whole of the Australian continent. For the next eight years Dr. Ullathorne laboured, with extraordinary energy and conspicuous success, to establish the Catholic Church in Australia on a durable basis. He now stands the solitary survivor of a bygone age, the one notable living ecclesiastic of early Australia. It was he who brought out to the colonies Archbishop Polding, of Sydney; Archbishop Goold, of Melbourne; Bishop Wilson, of Hobart; Bishop Murphy, of Adelaide; Bishop Geoghegan, of Melbourne and Adelaide; and

Bishop Brady, of Western Australia; and he has outlived them all. But now, after a wonderfully active and versatile career at opposite ends of the earth, he finds himself constrained to seek retirement and repose in the advanced evening of a lengthy life. The circular which he has addressed to his clergy is in these terms :

"In addition to the corporal infirmities under which I have laboured for years past, it has pleased God, in this 82nd year of my age and 42nd of my episcopate, that I should be visited with another incapacitating infirmity, complete recovery from which is very unlikely. Conscious, therefore, that I was no longer able to bear the burden and responsibility of governing this important diocese, I deemed it my duty to present a humble petition to the Sovereign Pontiff, praying that he would deign to release me from the burden, and provide the diocese of Birmingham with an efficient pastor. In audience on the 21st of July, His Holiness was graciously pleased, in consideration of my age and broken health, to consent to my prayer, but His Holiness commands that I continue in office until my successor receives possession of the diocese."

I recently asked Dr. Ullathorne if it were really true, as stated in several Colonial histories, that he visited the infant Melbourne in 1839. "No," he

answered; "it is a fact that I never was at Melbourne, though I am aware there has always been a floating myth to that effect in Victoria. But I did visit Adelaide in the fourth year after its foundation. I sailed from Sydney in order to ascertain how many Catholics there were in the new settlement of South Australia, and I found about 50. The Adelaide Government refused me the use of a building which had been lent to other denominations until such time as they had places of their own to assemble in. But a worthy Protestant, hearing of this injustice, allowed me to celebrate mass twice a week in his china shop, although this kindness necessitated his taking the trouble of transferring his chinaware from the shop into a cellar. It was in this good man's shop that I offered up mass, and gave instructions during my stay in Adelaide. My connection with the church in Australia was the result of an application in the year 1832 from Sir Richard Bourke, the then Governor of New South Wales, to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, requesting the appointment of an ecclesiastic, with authority over the Catholics of the colony. Bishop Morris was at that time the vicar-apostolic of the Mauritius, and as his ecclesiastical jurisdiction extended over the whole of Australia, he appointed me as his vicar-general. I received a salary of £200 per annum, with the

official title of His Majesty's chaplain, and I brought letters of recommendation to the Governor of New South Wales. After I had been two or three years in Australia a law was passed by the Legislative Council of New South Wales, establishing the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian Churches on an equal footing, and providing that the clergymen of the three denominations should be paid the same salaries, and receive a like amount of assistance *pro rata* from the colonial treasury for the building of churches. It was further provided that State aid to denominational schools should be granted on the same proportionate basis. When this act was passed, I applied immediately for stipends for five additional priests, and also moved for the appointment of a bishop—a movement that resulted in the coming out to Australia of Dr. Polding, the first Archbishop of Sydney. Soon after Dr. Polding's arrival I proceeded to Europe and obtained a number of priests, ecclesiastical students, nuns and school teachers, and the coming of this contingent placed the young Australian church in more efficient working order. Dr. Murphy, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Adelaide, was a Maynooth man, whom I obtained from St. Patrick's, in Liverpool, where he was the senior priest. Dr. Geoghegan, the first priest appointed to Melbourne, and subsequently the second Bishop

of Adelaide, was a Franciscan friar from the community at Dublin. He accompanied me back to New South Wales in 1838. Dr. Goold, the first Archbishop of Melbourne, I engaged in Rome soon after his ordination. He belonged to the Irish Augustinians, of which order his uncle, Father Rice, was then the procurator in Rome. In the appendix to the report of Sir William Molesworth's committee on transportation in 1838 will be found all the documents relating to the establishment of the Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian denominations in New South Wales. Sir Richard Bourke's idea was to get the colony fully supplied with clergy, after which the disestablishment of all denominations would follow as a matter of course. And this was what actually occurred. Sir Richard's policy in this respect was not made public at the time, but His Excellency privately communicated it to me, and he also showed me the scheme of the Church Act prior to placing it before the Legislative Council. These are the chief historic points during the period from 1832 to 1840, the year in which I finally left Australia and returned to England."

It will be news to 90 per cent. of the Catholics of Australia to hear that Dr. Ullathorne successively declined three Australian bishoprics, viz. — Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth. And even on his return to

England, so intense, was his repugnance to accepting the episcopal office, that all the authority of Cardinal Acton and Dr. Barber, the president-general of the Benedictine order to which he belonged, had to be exercised in order to overcome his objections to being made a bishop. "Nothing but the duty of obedience would induce me to accept the appointment," was his candid declaration on being promoted to an English mitre. He was consecrated in Coventry on June 21, 1846, the same day on which Pope Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne, Cardinal Newman and all the Roman Catholic bishops of England being present at the ceremony. Eight years before, Dr. Ullathorne had been presented to the then reigning Pontiff, Pope Gregory XVI., who was surprised to hear so young and boyish-looking an ecclesiastic described as the vicar-general of New South Wales. The Pope commanded him to send in a report on the Australian mission, and His Holiness was so pleased with the progress that this report disclosed, that he conferred on the youthful vicar-general the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and spoke to him in a very encouraging and sympathetic strain when he was about to return to Australia.

Although Dr. Ullathorne has been in holy orders for nearly sixty years, a naval, not an ecclesiastical, career was the predominant aspiration of his youth.

A native of Yorkshire, and related on the maternal side to Sir John Franklin, of Arctic navigation renown, young William Bernard Ullathorne was an insatiable devourer of books of voyages and travels. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that he should have resisted his father's wish to train him up to business on land, and should have preferred to ship as a cabin boy on a brig bound from Newcastle to the Mediterranean ports. A second voyage took him to St. Petersburg, and having entered on a regular course of study in navigation, he made further voyages to Cronstadt and Memel. It was at the latter town that the sight of a little crowd of kneeling Catholics on a Sunday morning, wrought a wonderful change in his views of life, and led to his adoption of the religious vocation. Though he was of Catholic parentage, he had received whatever education he possessed from Protestant teachers, and now, in his seventeenth year, he went to a Catholic school for the first time. It was an establishment at Downside, conducted by Mr. Polding, who was, through the instrumentality of this pupil of his, destined to become in after years the first Archbishop of Sydney. On March 12, 1824, the erstwhile sailor youth received the habit of the Benedictine order, and seven years later was ordained to the priesthood, after a comprehensive course of theological training and

study. In his subsequent ecclesiastical life he frequently referred to his early maritime experiences, and took occasion to utilize them for purposes of instruction and illustration. For instance, writing in 1855 to three nuns on the eve of their departure for Australia, he observes:—"How all this reminds me of my own departure as a young and solitary priest many years ago, in the first fervour of the priesthood, when there were but four priests throughout that vast Australia. Under what changed circumstances and under what different auspices you are going to that same region. My dear sisters, God will be with you; and on the great broad deep on which you embark, your minds will be lifted up to the Eternal God who presides over its unchangeable, yet most changeful fluctuations. Nothing in this world so fills the soul with the sense of eternity as to sail upon that ocean day after day, and month after month. Nothing so strikingly impresses on us His all-pervading Providence and care of us like that long-felt dependence on a little trembling needle of electric steel."

Throughout his Australian career, Dr. Ullathorne was necessarily brought into close contact with the convict population, and the evidence he gave before Sir William Molesworth's committee of the House of Commons became a potent factor in bringing about

the redemption of the colonies from the curse of convictism. It was in the year 1835 that he paid his memorable visit to Norfolk Island, at that time an earthly paradise perverted by man into a prison for the most depraved and abandoned of criminals. The finest description of Norfolk Island ever penned is to be found in Dr. Ullathorne's work on "The Australian Mission," a book so rare and so long out of print, that not even the Melbourne Public Library possesses a copy—unless one has been acquired during the past few months. No minister of religion had ever visited this isle of beauty and of horrors, until Dr. Ullathorne and the Rev. Mr. Styles, a Church of England clergyman, came from Sydney in a Government brig to attend the execution of thirteen convicts, who had been condemned to death for conspiracy and attempted insurrection. On the arrival of Dr. Ullathorne there ensued one of the most appalling scenes in the dark drama of the transportation era. He was the bearer from the Sydney Government of a reprieve to some of the criminals who were convicted of complicity in the rebellion, and of tidings of death to those who were believed to be the ringleaders. "It was late at night," says Dr. Ullathorne, "when I arrived on the island, and my unexpected appearance came on them like a vision. I found the unfortunate creatures crowded

in three cells, so small as barely to allow of their lying down together. They had been for six months looking for their fate. I had to announce life to all but thirteen—to these death. Those who were to live wept bitterly, whilst those doomed to die dropped on their knees without exception, and with dry eyes thanked God they were to be delivered from so horrid a place." Only three of the condemned criminals were Catholics, but four of the others desired Dr. Ullathorne to take them under his spiritual charge. After five days allowed for repentance, they were executed in batches, and from their newly-made graves the two clergymen delivered powerful exhortations to their former companions. During his stay on Norfolk Island, Dr. Ullathorne drew up a form of prayer for the use of the Catholic prisoners, and appointed one of their number to act as reader every Sunday. This reform was productive of good results, and when he revisited the island, after the lapse of fifteen months, he was delighted to learn from the authorities that these convicts had been remarkably attentive to their religious duties, and had not committed any fresh offences during his absence. Of Dr. Ullathorne's career in England after his return from the colonies, it need only be said that his episcopal administration for more than forty years in the mother country has been characterized by that

genius for organization, governing capacity, and restless energy that were his distinguishing qualities at the antipodes. Since his appointment to the diocese of Birmingham, he has established 44 new missions, erected 67 new churches, and increased the number of his clergy from 86 to 225. These figures speak for themselves. His literary activity during the same period is sufficiently shown by the 25 substantial volumes on religious and biographical subjects that bear his name on their title-pages, not to speak of the host of pamphlets he has written on polemical topics of the hour. "During the whole of his episcopate," as a writer in the *Oscotian*, an English Catholic magazine, remarks, "it may be said that either his tongue or his pen was never idle. Whenever there was any attack upon the church in the form of an enemy without, or a traitor within, the camp, Bishop Ullathorne was among the first to sound the alarm and to lead the defence."

One word in conclusion by way of suggestion to the Catholics of Australia. Dr. Ullathorne, beyond all question, was practically the founder of the Catholic Church as an organized institution in the colonies. And now that the Catholics of Australia have become a numerous, powerful, and influential body, would it not be a generous and a graceful act on their part to recognize in some way the intense devotedness and

the fiery zeal of the man, now in the sunset of life, who sowed in danger and difficulty the seeds of the harvest that they are now reaping in peace and prosperity? Dr. Ullathorne has always been strongly averse to testimonials intended for himself, and has interposed to prevent them when he could. On his return from Rome to Birmingham, in 1867, his people presented him with £3,000, which he immediately handed over to the building fund of an ecclesiastical seminary. Four years later his clergy, headed by Cardinal Newman, signalized the twenty-fifth year of his episcopacy by giving him a costly pectoral cross and chain, accompanied by an address from the pen of the illustrious author of "The Dream of Gerontius." And in 1886, at the annual meeting of the bishops of England, held in London, his episcopal colleagues surrounded him one morning, so as to prevent his escape from the room, and insisted on his accepting a valuable collection of standard works, together with their congratulations, on his attaining his eightieth year. Cardinal Manning was their spokesman, and one of his remarks in addressing Dr. Ullathorne was :—"This tribute of admiration, confidence and love, offered by the whole hierarchy, will be most assuredly welcomed and applauded by the whole Church of England and Australia." The question for the Catholics of Aus-

tralia to consider is whether they will be content to allow the head of their church in England thus to speak for them, or whether even at this, the eleventh hour, they cannot do something to show their gratitude to the pioneer of their faith in the land that they inhabit. Writing to a friend on June 30, 1885, Dr. Ullathorne exclaimed :—"What an extraordinary thing that the Archbishop of Sydney is to be made a cardinal. When I look back to the year 1832, when I had to struggle with the demands of that vast continent, and now I see a great hierarchy of archbishops and bishops, and a cardinal at their head, I am amazed, and feel as if I were a piece of antiquity in modern times." Would it not be very easy and, at the same time, very appropriate for each bishopric in Australia to send to the venerable retiring prelate without delay a nicely-framed collection of photographs of its cathedrals, its principal churches, and its representative Catholic institutions, so as to show him at a glance the wondrous changes that have come over the face of the continent since that distant day, fifty-six years ago, when he stepped ashore at Sydney as a chaplain of King William IV., when Queen Victoria was a girl of thirteen, and when Melbourne was absolutely non-existent, if we except the little Derbyshire village of that name?

11.—Some Imperial Senators.



THE new Palace of Westminster, where the Lords and Commons of Great Britain and Ireland are quartered for legislative purposes, is a noble and extensive Gothic pile on the left bank of the Thames in immediate proximity to the majestic old Abbey of Westminster. It is a curious combination of the modern and the antique, for with the bright, ornate, recently-constructed edifice of Sir Charles Barry is associated the venerable, weather-stained, treasured monument of the historic past—Westminster Hall—in which so many striking scenes recorded in the national annals were enacted. The visitor who comes to attend a Parliamentary debate first feasts his eyes on this finely-proportioned, massively-roofed inheritance of the ages, which stands in silent grandeur on his left after passing through the public entrance of the palace. As he meditatively surveys its majestic simplicity of design, its sterling solidity of construction, and the profound stillness that now reigns through its whole extent, he thinks of the exciting and epoch-making events that

its walls have witnessed—the installation of Lord Protector Cromwell, and, in after years, the exhibition of his dishonoured head on the summit of a pole: the judgment of martyrdom pronounced on the saintly Sir Thomas More; the trial and condemnation of Strafford and of Charles I., and the protracted hearing of the charges against Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, during which this stately hall resounded with the indignant eloquence of Burke and Sheridan.

Passing away from this great memorial of the centuries, the visitor finds himself in St. Stephen's Hall, a lofty, light, and airy vestibule to the legislative chambers, adorned on both sides with marble statues of some of the most illustrious statesmen of the past, including Hampden, Chatham, Grattan, Fox and Burke. The octagonal Central Hall is next reached, from which a corridor on the right leads to the House of Lords, and one on the left to the popular chamber. When the Houses are in session, this hall is frequently crowded with visitors from many lands, all patiently waiting for places in the galleries, the demand for seats on interesting occasions being always largely in excess of the capacity to meet it. There is, as a rule, a *surplusage* of room in the galleries of the House of Lords, for few care to remain for any time in that magnificent abode of decorous dulness. But seats in the galleries of the House of Commons are nearly always at a

premium, for that is the arena in which the oratorical gladiators exhibit their powers, and, notwithstanding the widespread diffusion of germinating ideas through the agency of a cheap and influential press, there is little or no diminution in the popular pleasure at hearing the spoken word well and vigorously and effectively uttered. To the vast majority of visitors, Mr. Gladstone is, of course, the great central figure of interest. As the Grand Old Man jauntily enters in a light tweed suit, and airily flings himself on the front Opposition Bench between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley, the brightness of his eye, the activity of his movements, and his animated style of conversation with those around him, seem to give the lie direct to the accepted statistical facts of his life. No one would suspect for a moment from any external evidence that Mr. Gladstone had almost reached his 80th year, or that he had spent more than half-a-century in active public life. His eye is as lustrous and his step as elastic as if he were beginning, instead of ending, his political career. It is this amazing vitality of the octogenarian statesman that constitutes his most impressive characteristic. In addressing the House he is all action, and the singularly resonant and musical quality of his voice lends an additional charm to his speaking. Every one knows that he excels all his contemporaries in his command over the English language, and this

I am sure that the committee will find it difficult to notice and compare the behavior of any one of Mr. Gaudin's associates. I appear next morning in the House and find that he really meant to do so. I am sometimes attacked by a desire to speak, either in whole or in part, a statement that is not corroborated by any other source. In this embarrassing situation I am of excessive verbal expression, and conspicuous blunders, or at least a suggestion. I am sure that the last few months have been a very busy time in the Senate.

Liberal Federation in the Farringdon Street Memorial Hall on the evening of July 29, I had no right or title to be present, seeing that the attendance was restricted to delegates from the various Liberal leagues scattered over England and Wales. Nevertheless, the magic words "An Australian" sufficed to pass me in as pleasantly as if I bore credentials from such ultra-Liberal centres as Newcastle or Northampton. The first time I heard Mr. Gladstone on the floor of the House of Commons was in a comparatively unimportant speech on the Irish Land Bill, but his second appearance was on one of the great days of the session, when he rose to move an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to annul the proclamation of the Irish National League by the Government as a dangerous association within the meaning of the Crimes Act. On this latter occasion he was inspired to a lofty flight by the presence of a house packed from floor to ceiling with members and visitors; and his speech, though at times needlessly discursive, contained a series of brilliant passages, delivered with an earnest and thrilling impressiveness that recalled the Miltonic description of those famous orators of old :

"Whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne."

ciation, and he presents his case in the neatest, most attractive, and most insinuating manner imaginable. His commanding appearance, his wonderfully distinct enunciation, and his readiness of retort are further decided attributes in his favour; and, altogether, he impresses the spectator with the belief that, if he had not become a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer, he would probably have gravitated to the bar and associated his name with some of the forensic triumphs of the century. Much as I disagreed with the sentiments of the speaker, his speech on the Irish Land Bill struck me as a singularly clever performance, sufficient of itself to justify the eulogy of the *Times*, in its review of the work of the session, that Mr. Chamberlain "has shown a great mastery of debating power." Mr. Chamberlain commenced that particular speech at 11 o'clock one night, and, unconscious of the lapse of time, I remained in the Speaker's gallery until he had concluded at one o'clock in the morning. This hour is vividly impressed on my memory by reason of the striking dramatic contrast between the brilliant scene within the House and the ghastly spectacle just without. There, within a stone's throw of the beautiful Palace of Westminster, in which the lawmakers of the land were assembled, all along that majestic promenade of granite, the Thames Embankment, were lying in hundreds the homeless out-

costs of London the former are almost as numerous as the latter. Partially covered with the same materials they lay on and about the great thoroughfares of the Thames, or they project from the sides of the projecting portions of the houses. The result is a revelation of the extent of the poverty which is truly distressing. It is a picture of the poverty brought into strong relief by the contrast of the city in the world where thousands of millions are among the most luxurious and the most wretched beings in creation. The amount of sleepless nights is a appalling amount of sleepless nights; it is a picture by the host of homeless men who are seen sleeping every night either in the streets or in Trafalgar Square around the base of the Nelson Monument, or along the Thames. The authorities have declared that the British nation is sitting on a slumbering volcano, and from the standpoint of the observant stranger, the picture is by no means far-fetched.

People who expect to find in the Lord Randolph Churchill of to-day the undisciplined political general that they have pictured him in their imagination, will be doomed to disappointment. It is true he is still an unsparing critic and a dashing debater, but his style of attack has considerably changed for the

better since the days when he was wont to delight in headlong charges through the ranks of friend and foe alike. As an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and a late leader of the House of Commons, he has naturally acquired some of the gravity, dignity, and solidity that are the essential accompaniments of these high offices of state, and, whilst the galleries would probably be better pleased to see him in his old rattling performances, all critics of taste and discernment rejoice in his artistic development as a parliamentary speaker. The rumour that he intended "slating" the Government over the provisions of their Irish Land Bill, drew an enormous attendance on the afternoon of July 14; and, whilst he fully satisfied the general expectation by a vigorous and minute dissection of the measure devised by his late colleagues, his manner throughout was unexceptionable and his language studiously free from extravagances. Lord Randolph labours under the drawback of an indistinct articulation, which causes him to be imperfectly heard in the galleries, and even on the floor of the House as well, for on this occasion Mr. Gladstone, whose hearing has been somewhat impaired by advancing age, had repeatedly to turn to Sir William Harcourt for information as to the cause of the cheering and the laughter with which the cutting criticisms of Lord Randolph were greeted by the

Liberals in general and the followers of Mr. Parnell in particular. But, on the whole, the member for South Paddington has spoken comparatively little in the House of late; and, as a rule, when he did rise in his place, it was in the character of an economical reformer of the national expenditure—a subject which he has been pressing on public attention in all his provincial speeches, and which he deems of such supreme importance that he declined to remain a member of a ministry that he could not convert to his way of thinking on the matter. When not addressing the House, Lord Randolph seems to be constantly buried in deep thought, seldom or never holding any converse with those around him, and apparently endeavouring to cultivate the sphinx-like attitude and demeanour of his great prototype and predecessor, the late Lord Beaconsfield.

The Marquis of Hartington is another right honourable member who wears his hat well down on his eyes, and who is considerably more of a listener than a speaker. I have never seen him rise to address the House. He looks a perfect picture of constitutional laziness, and gives one the impression that nothing save a great national crisis could rouse him from his normal state of torpidity. His near neighbour on the front Opposition bench, but political antagonist on the Irish question, Sir William Vernon

Harcourt, is, on the contrary, of an active and lively disposition. He frequently leads the Liberal party in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, and, without any commanding oratorical gifts, succeeds in winning the applause of his followers, and occasionally in extorting a laugh from his opponents by a ready recourse to a plentiful fund of light raillery and apposite witticisms. The Ministry itself is deplorably deficient in debating power. Mr. W. H. Smith, of bookstall renown, who succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill in the leadership of the House, is considerably below mediocrity as a speaker; and the Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., who it was expected would be the oratorical champion of the Government in the Commons, has proved a conspicuous failure both as a debater and an administrator. He is a signal illustration of how a man may shine like an electric light when in the midst of familiar and congenial surroundings, and be as dark as Erebus when removed to another and less familiar arena. Wearing his wig and gown and addressing juries in the presence of crowded courts, Mr. Matthews has displayed an amazing amount of force, fluency, and power of invective, and it was the possession of these useful qualities that led the Conservative chiefs to risk a "No Popery" cry by making him their Home Secretary—the first Roman Catholic who has held that

office in England since the Reformation. But, to the general surprise, the brilliant barrister completely effaced himself in the House. His forensic talents suffered a total eclipse. His speaking from the Treasury bench has been consistently crude, tame and ineffective, and the one parliamentary defeat that the Government sustained during the session of 1887 was directly due to his unaccountable want of tact and discernment. He deliberately refused until the House compelled him, to order an inquiry into the case of a young girl who had been wrongly arrested in Regent Street, unjustly charged with a degrading offence, and subjected to a series of undeserved indignities. One can easily imagine what a splendid speech he would have made on that unlucky girl's behalf under other circumstances—that is, if he had appeared as her counsel in a court of justice—and how he would have overwhelmed with a torrent of invective the guilty policeman in particular and the force in general.

Mr. Goschen is unquestionably the ablest debater in the ranks of the Government, but his speeches, admirably as they read in print, are not pleasant to listen to, owing to the peculiarly harsh and husky delivery of the speaker. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Irish Chief Secretary, is the only member of the Government who has developed debating power in any conspicuous degree.

nearly sixty years ago. This unique historic figure was The O'Gorman Mahon, and notwithstanding that he is rapidly approaching his 90th year, the grizzled veteran is, to all appearance, as erect and as vigorous as most men who are only half his age. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered as far back as December 9, 1830, and as the records show that he then described himself as "an old agitator," what his actual age may be is really a conundrum of the first magnitude. In all probability he could not answer it himself, so everybody else may "give it up" at once. *Punch*, that veracious chronicler of contemporary history, assures us that The O'Gorman Mahon was in the House on that memorable occasion when Cromwell, pointing to the mace, cried out, "Take away that bauble, ye spalpeens;" that he received a slight wound in the foot by the rebounding of the dagger that Edmund Burke once dramatically threw on the floor of the Commons, and that he still preserves as an interesting memento of his youthful days the dress suit he wore as a parliamentary guest at the marriage of William and Mary. But whether these statements of our merry friend are accepted as orthodox history or otherwise, it is indisputable that no living public man can carry his memory farther back into the vistas of time than The O'Gorman Mahon. Not one member of the House of Commons of to-day was in public life when The O'Gorman Mahon

first took the oath fifty-eight years ago. Mr. Gladstone, who is next in seniority, did not enter the House until two years afterwards, and the mutually demonstrative greetings that recently passed between these two parliamentary veterans as they sat side by side on the front Opposition bench, would have supplied an historic painter with an interesting and suggestive subject. There is a hiatus of some twenty years in the life of The O'Gorman Mahon, during which he disappeared entirely from European gaze, and was only heard of at distant intervals as a fighting general in the Republican armies of South America, and as a dare-devil admiral of the fleet in Peruvian and Chilian waters. There are some who believe that he was also an archbishop for a season during this volcanic stage of his career, but this story must be held to be almost as apocryphal as those that have been put in circulation about him by Mr *Punch*. Nevertheless, when an Irishman goes in search of adventures, his national versatility is equal to the easy assumption of many distinct and even antagonistic varieties of human character. But after making every deduction for unauthorized statements, the fact remains that The O'Gorman Mahon is the last living representative of that vanished race of fire-eating Irishmen, whose high-pressure lives, native humours, and droll eccentricities are photographed in the lively pages of *Lever and Lover*. He is now closing a singularly

the surface from depths exceeding two thousand feet in some instances. In the early digging days the workings were almost entirely of a superficial character, and it was in the alluvial soil thus opened up that most of the monster nuggets were discovered from time to time. A lengthy official list of these interesting lumps of gold is given in the chapter commencing at page 355 of Mr. Brough Smyth's "Goldfields and Mineral Districts of Victoria" (Trübner, London, 1869); and further information on the subject will be found in Mr. George Sutherland's interesting "Tales of the Goldfields" (George Robertson, Melbourne, 1880), and in a scientific treatise entitled "Notes on the Physical Geography, Geology, and Mineralogy of Victoria" (George Robertson, Melbourne, 1866), by Alfred R. C. Selwyn and George Ulrich.

It is a noteworthy fact that one colony, Victoria, has not only produced the largest nugget the world has ever seen, but has out-distanced all competitors in the quantity and variety of its lesser golden glories. The famous nugget answering to the above description is known in history as the "Welcome Stranger." It was discovered under singular circumstances in the Dunolly district of Victoria, which is one hundred and ten miles north-west of the capital, Melbourne, by two Cornish miners named Deeson and Oates. Their career is remarkable, as showing how fortune, after

frowning for years will suddenly smile at the object of her apparent aversion. These two Cornishmen emigrated from England to Australia by the same vessel in 1854. They betook themselves to the fastidious Sandhurst Goldfield in Victoria; they worked together industriously for years, and yet only succeeded in making a bare livelihood by their exertions. Chastened, that change of place might produce some change of luck, they moved to the Dunolo Goldfield and their efforts were considerably raised by the discovery of some small nuggets. But this was only a temporary gleam of sunshine, for their former luck pursued them again, and pursued them ever more relentlessly than before.

The time at last came, on the morning of Friday, February 5, 1869, when the stockholders with whom they were accustomed to deal refused to supply them any longer with the necessaries of life, and they liquidated the debt they had already incurred. For the first time in their lives they were obliged to stop, and the spectacle of these two poor fellows tapping on an empty stomach appeared calculated to excite more sympathy than the sight of any other men. They had moved the forked garden to pay and improve. Gloomy and depressed as they naturally were, they plied their picks with undiminished perseverance, and while Dixon was breaking up the earth around the roots of a tree, his pick suddenly and strongly indicated

by reason of its having struck some very hard substance. "Come and see what this is," he called out to his mate. To their astonishment, "this" turned out to be the "Welcome Stranger" nugget; and thus two poverty-stricken Cornish miners became in a moment the possessors of the largest mass of gold that mortal eyes ever saw, or are likely to see again. Such a revolution of fortune is probably unique in the annals of the human race. Almost bewildered by the unexpected treasure they had found at their feet, Deeson and Oates removed the superincumbent clay, and there revealed to their wondering eyes was a lump of gold, a foot long and a foot broad, and so heavy that their joint strength could scarcely move it. A dray having been procured, the monster nugget was escorted by an admiring procession into the town of Dunolly, and carried into the local branch of the London Chartered Bank, where it was weighed, and found to contain 2,268½ ounces of gold. The bank purchased the nugget for £9,534, which the erstwhile so unlucky, but now so fortunate, pair of Cornish miners divided equally between them. Whether the storekeeper who refused them the materials for a breakfast that morning apologized for his harsh behaviour, or committed suicide in disgust at his want of prevision, history relates not, but the probability is that he was paid the precise amount of his debt and no more; whereas, had he

acted in a more generous spirit towards two brothers in distress, he might have come in for a handsome present out of the proceeds of the "Welcome Stranger."

The "Welcome" nugget, found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in Victoria, on June 15, 1858, was nearly as large as the one just described, its weight being 2,217 ounces 16 dwts. It was found at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet in a claim belonging to a party of twenty-four men, who disposed of it for £10,500. A smaller nugget, weighing 571 ounces, was found in close proximity to it. After being exhibited in Melbourne, the "Welcome" nugget was brought to London and smelted in November, 1859. The assay showed that it contained 99·20 per cent. of gold.

Another valuable nugget, which was brought to London and exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was the "Blanche Barkly," found by a party of four diggers on August 27, 1857, at Kingower, Victoria, just thirteen feet beneath the surface. It was twenty-eight inches long, ten inches broad in its widest part, and weighed 1,743 ounces 13 dwts. It realized £6,905 12s. 6d. A peculiarity about this nugget was the manner in which it had eluded the efforts of previous parties to capture it. Three years before its discovery, a number of miners, judging the place to be a "likely" locality, had sunk holes within a few feet of the spot where this golden

mass was reposing, and yet they were not lucky enough to strike it. What a tantalizing thought it must have been in after years, when they reflected on the fact that they were once within an arm's length of £7,000 without being fortunate enough to grasp the golden treasure! Kingower, like Dunolly, from which it is only a few miles distant, is a locality famous for its nuggets. One weighing 230 ounces was actually found on the surface covered with green moss; and pieces of gold have frequently been picked up there after heavy rains, the water washing away the thin coating of earth that had previously concealed them. Two men working in the Kingower district in 1860 found a very fine nugget, weighing 805 ounces, within a foot of the surface; and one of 715 ounces was unearthed at Daisy Hill at a depth of only three and a half feet.

A notable instance of rapid fortune was that of a party of four, who, having been but a few months in the colony of Victoria, were lucky enough to alight on a nugget weighing 1,615 ounces. They immediately returned to England with their prize, and sold it for £5,532 7s. 4d. The place where they thus quickly made their "pile," to use an expressive colonialism, was Canadian Gully, at Ballarat, a very prolific nugget-ground. There was also found the "Lady Hot-ham" nugget, called after the wife of Sir Charles

Hotham, one of the early governors of Victoria. It was discovered on September 8, 1854, at a depth of 135 feet. Its weight was 1,177 ounces; and near it were found a number of smaller nuggets of the aggregate weight of 2,600 ounces, so that the total value of the gold extracted from this one claim was no less than £13,000. As showing the phenomenal richness of this locality, it may be added that on January 20, 1853, a party of three brought to the surface a solid mass of gold weighing 1,117 ounces; and two days afterwards, in the same tunnel, a splendid pyramidal-shaped nugget weighing 1,011 ounces was discovered; the conjoint value of the two being £7,500.

A case somewhat similar to one already described was that of the "Heron" nugget, a solid mass of gold to the amount of 1,008 ounces, which was found at Fryer's Creek, Victoria, by two young men who had been only three months in the colony. They were offered £4,000 for it in Victoria; but they preferred to bring it to England as a trophy, and there they sold it for £4,080.

The "Victoria" nugget, as its name suggests, was purchased by the Victorian Government for presentation to Her Majesty. It was a very pretty specimen of 340 ounces, worth £1,650, and was discovered at White Horse Gully, Sandhurst. Quite close to it,

and within a foot of the surface, was found the "Dascombe" nugget, weighing 330 ounces, which was also brought to London, and sold for £1,500.

Just as a book should never be judged by its cover, so mineral substances should not be estimated by superficial indications. A neglect of this salutary precept was once very nearly resulting in the loss of a valuable Victorian nugget. A big lump of quartz was brought to the surface, and, as its exterior aspect presented only slight indications of the existence of gold, it was at first believed to be valueless; but as soon as the mass was broken up, there, embedded in the quartz, was a beautiful nugget of an oval shape.

New South Wales, the parent colony of the Australian group, has produced a considerable quantity of gold, but not many notable nuggets. Its most famous nugget was discovered by a native boy in June, 1851, at Meroo Creek, near the present town of Bathurst. This black boy was in the employ of Dr. Kerr as a shepherd, and one day, whilst minding his sheep, he casually came across three detached pieces of quartz. He tried to turn over the largest of the pieces with his stick; but he was astonished to find that the lump was much heavier than the ordinary quartz with which he was familiar. Bending down and looking closer, he saw a shining yellow

mass lying near; and when he at last succeeded in lifting up the piece of quartz, his eyes expanded on observing that the whole of its under surface was of the same shining complexion. He probably did not realize the full value of his discovery; but he had sufficient sense to break off a few specimens and hasten to show them to his master. Dr. Kerr set off at once to verify the discovery; and when he arrived at the spot, his most sanguine anticipations were fulfilled by the event. He found himself the possessor of 1,272 ounces of gold; and he rewarded the author of his wealth, the little black boy, with a flock of sheep and as much land as was needed for their pasture.

It has been the fashion of late years to speak of the days of big nuggets as having gone for ever; but the recent finding of two such brilliant specimens as the "Lady Brassey" and the "Lady Loch," is a sufficient negative to such a gratuitous hypothesis. Irrespective of the old and long-established goldfields, there are still not a few undeveloped auriferous areas in various parts of Victoria, notably in the extensive Gippsland district; and in these latter it is not only possible, but, judging from analogy, highly probable that there are big nuggets lying not many feet from the surface awaiting the advent of the adventurous and lucky digger.

13.—Foreign Aggression in the Pacific.



THE peaceful serenity of the Australian colonists has been rudely disturbed during the past few years by the unwelcome presence of the organized foreigner in their seas. They cordially welcome the individual foreigner of good repute, who honestly comes to merge himself in their industrial ranks, but they have an uncompromising objection to the foreigners who come in a body, who openly proclaim their intention not to fraternize, and who endeavour to set up independent communities in the islands off the Australian coasts. But most strenuously of all do they object to the creation of foreign convict colonies in these contiguous islands, as fraught with the direst of evils and the most mischievous of consequences to the growing Australian nation. They regard with daily increasing dissatisfaction the continued use of the island of New Caledonia by the French as a penal settlement, and they are resolutely determined never to permit the adjacent New Hebrides group to be similarly annexed and degraded by France.

After protracted diplomacy this latter all-but-consummated catastrophe has been averted for the time being, but the rising race of native Australians fully recognizes the imperative necessity of keeping a vigilant eye on this coveted group. As for New Caledonia, foreign convictism has been in possession there for many years, and its extinction cannot be effected in a day ; but it does not need any special gift of prophecy to perceive that the sturdy nascent nation, which firmly refused to allow its territory to be made the permanent rubbish-heap of the British Empire, is not likely to tolerate much longer the systematic shooting of foreign sewage and villany at its very doors.

Soon after my arrival in London, this important question of foreign aggression in Australian waters entered on a serious and absorbing phase ; and, through the courtesy of the *Times*, I was enabled to lay before the public mind of the mother country what the *Saturday Review* was good enough to describe as "a telling statement of the Australian case against the actual French penal settlements in New Caledonia, and the threatened use of the New Hebrides for the same purpose." A Paris telegram was published in the London journals of August 24, 1887, stating that the *République Française* had expressed its belief that "the New Hebrides question

could be settled with ease if England were willing to put a stop to the absurd calumnies and rhodomontades of the Australians." Replying to this allegation in the *Times* of the following day, I remarked :

"I am familiar with all the colonial protests by speech and pen against French annexation, and I am certainly not aware that the Australians have been indulging in either calumny or meaningless rant in discussing this most vital of questions to the future of their country. Their policy throughout has been one of simple self-defence. They have a well-grounded fear that if the French obtain possession of the New Hebrides, the group will, notwithstanding present professions to the contrary, eventually become a second New Caledonia in the Pacific. They want to prevent, and they are determined to prevent, the establishment of another penal settlement, or 'moral cesspool,' as they more forcibly characterize the institution, in Australian waters. As for France giving 'an undertaking not to transport either recidivists or convicts to the New Hebrides,' what would such an undertaking be worth in view of the present undisguised French military occupation of the islands in open defiance of treaty obligations? The *République Française* holds that 'England, who divided New Guinea with Germany, cannot oppose the French annexation of the New Hebrides ;' but this very plausible conten-

tion ignores the ferment that was created throughout Australasia by Lord Derby's pusillanimous surrender on the New Guinea question. Mr. J. A. Froude was in Melbourne when the exasperation was at its height, and in the pages of 'Oceana' he has placed on record his deep sense of the dangerously-excited state of Australian feeling at the time. He would be a bold minister who would resolve on repeating Lord Derby's risky experiment, for, in doing so, he would be plainly precipitating a crisis between the colonies and the mother country. The fact is, and the sooner it is practically recognized the better, that the Australians are the people whose interests and sentiments must be considered first and foremost in the settlement of this question, for it is they, and they alone, who are directly affected by the ultimate disposal of the New Hebrides, and who will have to suffer all the painful consequences should an irretrievable mistake be made by the Imperial authorities in London. If only both England and France could acquire some adequate appreciation of the strength of Australian native sentiment with respect to foreign aggression in the Pacific, all these needlessly protracted diplomatic negotiations would speedily terminate, and both countries would see the propriety of rigidly respecting the provisions of the existing treaty and regarding the New Hebrides for the future as neutral territory."

This statement of colonial opinion was immediately challenged by M. Auguste Maquet, who wrote as follows :

“No sensible man will believe that the Australians are afraid of the invasion of French convicts from New Caledonia.

“If it were so they have a very simple remedy. Instead of annoying Her Majesty’s Ministers and creating international difficulties, the Australians should require passports and certificates of respectability from every person landing on their shores, and enact that every convict shall be flogged and sent back to the French settlement.

“Why should the French be blamed for imitating the English in their experiment, which has been so successful, and has been the origin of our rich colonies at the antipodes ?

“The plan of sending convicts to a colony, of granting them land and giving them the chance of reforming, at the same time of never allowing them to return to Europe, is certainly better and more moral than the English system of keeping the convicts at home and turning them out into society again after a few years, more corrupt, destitute and desperate.

“Are the Australians jealous of the French colony ? Some foolish men are so perhaps, but every intelligent

merchant will understand that the Australian ports cannot but gain by the intercourse with a young and rising colony.

"The real motive of the wild complaints of the Australians is simply this. They wish to keep away from the Pacific Islands all European nations because they want to preserve them for their own use as a vast field from which they recruit labourers. This is disguised slave trade, which should be prohibited by philanthropic England.

"There is no lack of industrious Chinese, but the Chinaman does not submit to the treatment which is inflicted on the poor, helpless, ignorant islander."

In the *Times* of September 5, I answered this attack in these terms :

"1. There is a broad distinction between fear and annoyance. No man is afraid of a mosquito *per se*, but for all that a constant succession of mosquito attacks is calculated to cause considerable unpleasantness, and to induce a heartfelt wish that these troublesome insects were thousands of miles away instead of being so inconveniently close at hand. The French convicts are the mosquitoes of the Pacific, and the Australian colonists are the people entitled to general sympathy in consequence of their proximity to the pests.

"2. The remedy proposed is by no means so

simple as the writer supposes. A glance at the map of Australia will show that the colony of Queensland—the nearest of the colonies to the French penal settlements in the Pacific—presents a coast line of 2,550 miles—a distance so enormous as to preclude the possibility of its being adequately guarded by a colonial police force. Nothing but an elaborate and expensive system of military patrolling would meet the requirements of the case. It is very easy to say, ‘Flog your captured French convict and send him back;’ but you have to catch him first. The experience of the past proves pretty conclusively that for the one French criminal caught on landing in Queensland, ten at the very least succeed in eluding the vigilance of the police and mix with the general population. Their true character only becomes known when they recommence a career of crime, are reconvicted, and reimprisoned in the colonies. They have been known to work their way southwards from Queensland to Sydney and Melbourne, and many of them have been caught in these cities with the implements of crime in their possession. On being convicted and sentenced by the colonial courts, they have almost invariably confessed that New Caledonia was their latest place of residence. Latterly we have not heard so frequently of the landing of French convicts on the Queensland coast, but it is not so long

since telegrams from local correspondents, notifying the capture of another boat-load of escaped French felons, were quite a familiar feature in the colonial newspapers. The incident was, in fact, of such frequent occurrence that the belief became widespread that these successive and successful escapes could not possibly have been effected without the direct or the indirect connivance of the New Caledonian authorities. It is to prevent a renewal of this intolerable state of things and to save their shores from any more of this foreign pollution that the Australian colonists are so determined not to allow the New Hebrides to fall into the hands of the French. As for the suggestion that the evil could be met by 'the Australians requiring passports and certificates of respectability from every person landing on their shores,' why should the inoffensive many be put to the trouble of procuring these documents, when all that is necessary is that France should either keep her worst malefactors at home, or else guard them securely in New Caledonia, and prevent their becoming a nuisance and a peril to the British colonies in the immediate vicinity?

"3. This statement is untrue, but the fallacy it contains is very prevalent. A great many people fancy that there is a direct connection between the English penal settlements in Australia and the present

wealth and prosperity of the colonies. Such is not the case. It was the discovery of gold in 1851 by free men and the consequent immense influx of free-born immigrants, principally from the British Islands, that made the Australian colonies what they are to-day. Convict Australia was submerged and blotted out by that tidal wave of adventurous population.

"4. History does not bear out this assertion, though as a theory it commends itself on humanitarian grounds. But in actual practice it has been but too frequently found that remote penal settlements degenerate into theatres of shocking vice and moral degradation. (See report of a Committee of the House of Commons on transportation, 1838, and a report on the same subject by a Committee of the House of Lords, 1847.) The best mode of dealing with criminals will probably be a debatable subject for all time ; but this much is certain, that no nation is justified in so acting that neighbouring friendly States are compelled, for their own protection, to maintain a large contingent of that nation's criminals. The number of French felons who are now in Australian prisons, and who ought legally to be in New Caledonia, would constitute a very interesting and instructive return.

"5. The idea of any section of Australians being jealous of a French colony in the Pacific is ludic-

rously absurd. As for the Australian ports gaining by intercourse with a new foreign community in Australian waters, that somewhat mercenary consideration, I am aware, has influenced some Sydney politicians and caused them to run counter to the almost universal Australian sentiment on the New Hebrides question. But the great bulk of the people of New South Wales are in full sympathy with their brethren in the other colonies, and are firmly of opinion that in this instance a provincial gain would be equivalent to a great national loss.

"6. The opposition of the Australians to the French annexation of the New Hebrides is far from being grounded on the low motive that is here described as the 'real' one. That motive, in point of fact, does not operate in the least, and it is a purely gratuitous assumption on the writer's part. The sugar plantations of tropical Queensland are the only portions of Australian territory on which Pacific islanders have been employed, and is it reasonable to suppose that, for the sake of this small area, all the Australian colonies would combine at this time of day to support a system of slavery in disguise? Such a statement carries its refutation on its face. No, all interested in this question may rest assured that Australians in general, and Australian natives in particular, strenuously oppose the French designs on

the New Hebrides because they are supremely anxious to rid themselves of two great and pressing evils—French felony on their shores and foreign aggression in their waters.”

In a leading article on the same day, the *Times*, referring to this statement of the colonial case on the question at issue, declared that “the contention of Mr. Hogan is the contention of the people of Australia, almost without exception,” and several other influential London journals subsequently gave expression to similar sentiments. “Every one,” said the *Spectator*, “will sympathize with the apprehensions and the steadfast action of the Australians, and none can fail to understand why they ‘wish to save their shores from this pollution,’ and ‘are so determined not to allow the New Hebrides to fall into the hands of the French,’ why they are ‘supremely anxious to rid themselves of two great and pressing evils—French felony on their shores, and foreign aggression in their waters.’ That is a reasonable desire, and the Imperial Government are bound to take a firm stand upon the question at issue, and persevere until they gain the object and that of the outraged Australian Colonies.”

As long as France persists in transporting batches of her worst malefactors to an island within easy access of the Australian coast, so long will the constituent elements of a dangerous situation be

FOREIGN AGGRESSION IN THE PACIFIC

present in the Pacific. There are many a man of endurance, and the free-born Australian convicts are not the people to sit with cross-legged hands watching the dully monotonous process of foreign criminals escaping into their territory; and when regularly arriving from France to fill the places of the departed ones in New Caledonia. A recent number of the *Australasian* newspaper says: "The convicts continue to escape from the penal establishment of New Caledonia in greater numbers than ever. As many as twenty-three succeeded in getting away in the course of a single fortnight, and it is not unusual for some of these may succeed in effecting a landing in Australia. Five of these fugitives landed at Noumea, near Ouegata, and reaching the shore seized upon a boat and got out to sea. These five convicts got away from the gang with which they were working, and made for the shores of the Bay of Pouembout, where they were equally fortunate in meeting with a small craft of which they took possession, and made for the opening in the reef. Orders have been issued to maintain a sharp look-out along the coast, and it is to be hoped that the fugitives will be intercepted, but it is well known that the criminals who escape in this way are almost invariably hardened desperadoes, who carry their lives in their hands and will stick at nothing."

There is but one thoroughly effective remedy for this exasperating state of things, and its application is in the hands of the Imperial Government. In the opinion of authorities who have carefully studied the local circumstances of New Caledonia, no extraordinary efforts of Imperial diplomacy would be necessary for the acquirement of French interests in that one penal colony of the Pacific. Its financial condition is far from satisfactory; its public and private morality is notoriously of the lowest and most abominable type; its administration has been a source of no little embarrassment to successive French Ministries, and its natural resources—its mineral wealth and its vegetable products—seem incapable of scientific and systematic development at the hands of the foreigner. Under these depressing circumstances, its present owners would probably not be averse to handing it over to the successful colonizing race for a fair equivalent. There are sentimental as well as substantial reasons for entertaining such a suggestion. The island in question, as Lord Rosebery has felicitously pointed out, still bears the name conferred upon it by its discoverer, Captain Cook—a name that brings it into friendly and intimate relations with the northern portion of Great Britain. While it is French by occupation, its discovery, its nomenclature, and its early historic associations are

essentially British, and its manifest destiny, sooner or later, is to become affiliated to the Greater Britain of the South.



14.—The Chinese in the Colonies.



FOR a period of thirty-five years the antipathy of the white settlers in the Australian colonies to the presence of the Mongolian stranger has been steadily growing and manifesting itself in a variety of unmistakable forms. "John"—which is the generic name of the Chinaman in the colonies—has to pay a heavy poll-tax before he is permitted to land ; but compliance with colonial law in this respect does not always avail to save him from popular violence. He is not unfrequently hunted away from goldfields, and bruised and beaten in towns and cities. He rarely attempts to retaliate ; he takes his punishment meekly ; he accepts rough treatment as his appointed lot, and he thrives under Caucasian persecution. Hitherto, however, the antagonism to the Chinese in the colonies has been of a local and personal character ; but a crisis has suddenly arisen, and the Australians are now organized and united in their determined opposition to any further influx of Chinese immigrants. They recognize the imperative

necessity of united action if Greater Britain is to be conserved for the British race and not overrun by an alien population.

The reasons that underlie the hostility of the colonists to the Chinese are plain and intelligible. Immigrants from all other countries can be assimilated and welded with mutual advantage into the general mass; but the Chinaman cannot coalesce with the European, and must of necessity occupy an isolated position. They possess no feelings or tastes in common, and are mutually antipathetic. The Chinaman makes not the slightest effort to rise to the superior level of his new surroundings, but merely transfers his Asiatic mode of living to the antipodes, congregates in an exclusive quarter of his own, treats the laws of decency and health with sublime contempt, and is content to live in such an abbreviated space and limited atmosphere that the wonder is how it is possible to sustain life at all under these insanitary conditions. He differs from immigrants of all other nationalities in another most important and radical respect, for, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the Chinaman is not accompanied by a wife or female relative; and the necessary consequence of this unnatural state of things is that his "camps" on the goldfields and his "quarters" in the cities are notorious for the immorality prevalent in them. He also introduces where

ever he goes a most insidious form of gambling, by which young Europeans are oftentimes demoralized and ruined ; and he relies with but too much success on the seductive influences of the opium-pipe to attract European women and girls to his dens, and to keep them there as captives to this most tyrannical of drugs. All other immigrants come to stay, and to establish homes for themselves and their families on Australian soil ; but the average " John " never regards himself as a permanent resident, and invariably hastens back to the Flowery Land as soon as he has accumulated a few hundreds of pounds in the colonies.

The last and, from the utilitarian standpoint, the weightiest count in the indictment against the ubiquitous Mongolian is that he slowly but surely throws the white man out of employment, and secures to himself a monopoly of certain favoured departments of mechanical industry. This he is enabled to do by reason of the singularities of his life and character, for he can live on a small daily modicum of rice ; he has no wife or family to support ; he is never troubled by the demands of conformity to Western civilization ; and he can thus save money out of what would be starvation wages to the European workman. He is willing to work for all hours, and in this manner makes up by persistent toil for what he lacks in physical strength and stamina as compared with his European competitor.

Unwearying industry is ordinarily a very commendable virtue ; but to the white man, handicapped as he nearly always is by a home, a wife, and a family, it is not surprising that the untiring assiduity of " John " to the trade of his choice should be regarded as essentially vicious, and should lead to the engendering of bad blood between the races. The Chinaman is an unfair and unequal competitor, an uncompromising alien, an uncivilized animal, an unwholesome neighbour, and an impossible colonist. That is the sum and substance of the colonists' deep-rooted objections to the threatened multiplication of Chinese " quarters " and " camps " on their territory.

The Chinese quarter in the city of Melbourne, the capital of the colony of Victoria, is situated at the eastern end of a long narrow thoroughfare called Little Bourke Street, from which numerous dark and grimy lanes diverge, conducting the venturesome visitor away from the familiar sights and sounds of the modern metropolis into the strange and crowded haunts of the chattering Celestials. The houses in these unprepossessing lanes and alleys are mostly old and decrepit ; they constitute the antipodean equivalent to the London slum ; but every room is seen to be utilized to the utmost extent. As many as thirty Chinese have been known to find sleeping accommodation in a small apartment which, according to European notions,

would not be capable of comfortably lodging four or five persons. In the matter of economizing space the Chinaman is confessedly *facile princeps*. The number of bunks or sleeping-berths with which he can surround the interior of an ordinary room passes comprehension, and, in stereotyped phrase, must be seen to be believed. The atmosphere within these extemporized dormitories, it goes without saying, is the reverse of pleasant to the nostrils of the casual visitor ; but the regular frequenters apparently suffer no discomfort and are perfectly at ease amidst their noxious surroundings. It is a peculiarity of the Chinese that they rarely resent an intrusion on their privacy, if such a word is permissible in connection with these communistic abodes, and the European visitor is thus at liberty to enter where he pleases and survey the scene without fear of interruption. As a rule, the Chinese evince no recognition of the stranger's presence, maintaining an attitude of stolid placidity, or at most, giving one momentary glance of quiet unconcern. They can thus be studied in the act of manufacturing furniture and various household accessories for the citizens of Melbourne—a department of colonial industry in which they have almost succeeded in gradually elbowing the superior race out of the field. They can be watched as they lie in their narrow bunks, slowly inhaling the intoxicating fumes of the opium-

pipe; or, with a look of ecstasy on their pallid countenances, revelling in those gorgeous visions of majestic palaces, tremendous heights, and picturesque processions which the narcotic drug conjures up before the mental eyes of its slumbering devotees. They can be seen in their quaint little eating-houses, skilfully plying their chopsticks and philosophically sampling the mysterious viands that are concocted by their favourite Celestial cook. They can be observed whilst intently interested in their popular game of "Fan-tan," when they risk their shillings and sixpences on the accidental number of little brass tokens that may happen to be covered by the presiding genius of the gambling-table. And on Sunday afternoons they can be seen in their hour of relaxation, squatting in long lines on the kerbstone in front of their dwellings, and discussing the events of the week with a volubility and a unanimity that make the locality exceedingly lively and Babelish.

As an itinerant hawker of fish and vegetables, "John" is a familiar figure all over Australia. With his large and heavily-laden circular baskets suspended from either end of the bamboo pole swung across his shoulders, he ambles along from street to street, and generally succeeds in doing a good business with careful economizing housewives. It is alleged that the Australians are practically dependent on the

Chinese market-gardeners for their vegetable supplies, and that something resembling a famine in this commodity would probably ensue on their expulsion from the colonies. The first portion of this allegation is in a large measure correct ; but the second by no means necessarily follows. The fact is that, for the reasons already detailed, the Chinese vegetable-growers were able to undersell their white competitors, and compel many of them to retire from an unprofitable industry. If unfair Chinese competition were checked or excluded, this industry would simply revert to European hands, and the price of vegetables to the consumer would undergo a corresponding but not unreasonable increase.

On the goldfields, "John" is detested with a widespread bitterness that has frequently found expression in open violence. He exasperates the European diggers by rarely, if ever, searching out gold for himself, and by coming in vast crowds wherever the white man makes a discovery of the precious metal. He thus reaps a harvest that he has not assisted to sow. He profits by the pioneering enterprise of the European without exposing himself to any of its attendant risks or dangers. He knows by experience that, when it has once been definitely ascertained by the white man that payable gold exists in a certain spot, there is a very strong probability of the surrounding locality also

proving auriferous. He therefore spreads himself all over the neighbourhood, prospects in every nook and gully, collects as much gold as he can out of the alluvial, and thus deprives the original discoverers of no small proportion of the fruits of their enterprise. The knowledge that none of the gold thus obtained by alien hands would be circulated for the good of the community at large, but that it would all be carefully hoarded up for transportation to China, intensified the animosity between Caucasian and Mongolian in the mining districts. In the annals of almost every one of our colonial goldfields, conflicts between whites and Chinese are recorded. The most memorable of these racial encounters occurred at a diggings called Lambing Flat, in New South Wales, when a body of three thousand diggers attacked the Chinese camp, and, after committing many excesses, burnt it to the ground. The aspect of affairs became so serious that it was deemed necessary to despatch the Imperial military forces from Sydney to quell the riot and restore order.

On goldfields that have been abandoned by the whites, either because they appeared to have been worked out, or because the yield of the precious metal was not sufficiently satisfactory in European estimation, the Chinese always make a good living, and sometimes secure valuable prizes. They enter into possession of the abandoned workings, resume opera

tions in their leisurely methodic fashion, and are occasionally rewarded for their perseverance by the discovery of a handsome nugget. But "fossicking" is their favourite pursuit on these deserted fields. This consists in slowly and deliberately raking over the unsightly heaps of upturned earth that are the dismal mementoes of the white man's former presence. The vigilant eye of the Chinaman detects in these hurried accumulations many a minute particle of gold, and sometimes a piece of quartz studded with the precious metal that escaped the observation of his white predecessor; and there is rarely a day on which he does not return to his tent in the evening the richer for this process. In traveling through the gold regions of Australia, no sight is more familiar than the abandoned diggings, dotted here and there with the patient plodding Chinese, each bent low with his handy little rake, analyzing the contents of the white man's leavings, or scrutinizing the alluvial deposits in the bed of the neighbouring creek.

The Chinese have a New Year's Day of their own, and they welcome its advent by a prodigious discharge of fireworks and a general display of coloured lanterns in front of their houses. On this annual festive occasion the Chinese camps and quarters are seen in a novel and picturesque dress, the repulsive

and demoralizing features that characterize their every-day aspect being rendered much less prominent in the variety and liveliness of the spectacle. Many Europeans embrace this favourable opportunity to study "John" in his hour of collective gaiety, to see him lifted for the moment out of his customary animal existence and indulging in a mild form of æstheticism, to gaze upon his eccentricities in illuminations and the vivacity of his interest in the pyrotechnical performances of the festival. Another annual ceremony which usually attracts a crowd of inquisitive spectators, but has nothing in the nature of artistic accessories to recommend it, is the exorcism of the devil from the camp. The spirit of evil is scared away by the vigorous and prolonged beating of Chinese drums and the shrill wailing of Chinese fifes—a combination of aggressive forces which the most determined demon could not withstand for any length of time.

Few and far between are Chinese women in the colonies; but they seem to be prized in proportion to their rarity, and are seldom seen in public. When they do come under the observation of the Caucasian eye, they are invariably attired in striking costumes of several colours, that give them a butterfly appearance as they pass on their way through the crowd. Sometimes, too, a little Chinese child is

encountered, with its incipient pigtail, its miniature velvet smoking-cap, its inquisitive almond eyes, and its attenuated body enveloped in queerly cut garments of the brightest hue. A percentage of the unfortunate European girls who have either been betrayed into the hands of the Chinese or have voluntarily entered their camps, adopt the fantastic costume of the Mongolian female; but the majority of these hapless waifs naturally shrink, even in this deepest degradation, from an act that would seem to imply a total severance of the connection with the world of civilization without. A few wealthy and cultured Chinese in the colonies have married white women, and these unions have proved mutually satisfactory; but it must be borne in mind that the cultured Chinaman is a *rara avis* on the great southern continent. Those of them to whom that complimentary phrase could be truthfully applied might be counted on the fingers. In the whole of Victoria there are only two Chinese residents whose figures stand out prominently against the dark background of ignorance, vice, and degradation which the mass of their fellow-countrymen presents to the general gaze. One is Kong Meng, a wealthy Melbourne merchant, and a master of several languages; the other is Cheok Hong Cheong, the only Chinese graduate of the University of Melbourne, an excel-

lent English speaker and a representative of the suburban Presbyterian church. It is true, I saw South Wales only one Chinese as a matter of public attention, a tea merchant named 'Yong' who has laboured hard for many years in the expression of the democratic spirit that animates his countrymen.

In forcing the railway traffic upon the Chinese at the moment when the Government of Great Britain became guilty of a very serious and mischievous proceeding, by which the numerous complications that are likely to arise are threatened Chinese workers if the Chinese are in some sense a restriction. It is true, it may be, the latest information from the Chinese is room to doubt that the Chinese are never to allow their country to be swamped by an alien population. They have already shown that and fifty thousand of these foreign workers in their midst, and they are likely to be so swamped will gradually grow into millions and millions number the European workers. It is true, and effective barriers against the Chinese are not raised at the right time. The Chinese of Victoria (the Hon. James Gordon) is put med up the anti-Chinese mission and the recent memorandum in the House of Commons.

tion of Lord Salisbury: "In the infancy of a nation, the question of race is of paramount importance, and the issue is therefore raised, whether in the occupation of this great continent, with all its possibilities of progress, and its opportunities of outlet for the surplus populations of Europe, we are to admit hordes of the Mongolian race, or, on the other hand, to reserve it for those people—our own, or kindred to our own—that have led the van of the world's civilization."



15.—The Growth of Australian Nationalism.

RECENT events have demonstrated very conclusively that the bulk of English statesmen, and of the governing official classes in the home country, have no intelligent appreciation or adequate understanding of the rapid and general growth of the Australian national sentiment during the past few years. Their speeches and actions denote that they are either ignorantly or wilfully blind to the facts that every returned tourist emphasizes on his return to England from the Australian colonies. They refuse to recognize that the Australia of their old acquaintance, the Australia they would like to see perpetuated for all time, the Australia peopled by British emigrants and bound by ties of affection, sympathy, and personal loyalty to the old country of their birth, is steadily passing its horizon in the ordinary course of nature, and will soon become extinct as a separate entity. Its place has been taken by the new and the coming Australia that has no sentimental attachment with the old one.

hemisphere, that stands in no awe of Downing Street or Imperial ministers, that thinks boldly and independently for itself, and is disposed, not unnaturally, to assert a claim that Australian interests should be chiefly consulted in the settlement of Australian affairs. The existence and the activity of this new Australia are patent to all who take an interest in colonial affairs, with one notable exception. The authorities of the Colonial Office in London, who, in theory, keep an ever-watchful and intelligent eye on the Greater Britain that has been committed to their charge, are continually proclaiming by their acts that they have no belief in the birth of a new and ardent Australian nation. They go on mechanically administering colonial affairs in the old traditional style, as if the meek and complaisant Australia of yore was still in possession at the antipodes. Recent violent collisions with Australian national sentiment ought to have the effect of awakening them from this mischievous delusion, but the difficulty of escaping from the deeply-worn ruts of officialism and constructing new paths in view of altered circumstances, is proverbial.

The first lesson that the Colonial Office and Imperial ministers have to learn in this connection is that the word "colony" is now really a misnomer as applied to New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South

Australia and New Zealand. They were colonies. They are so no longer. They have passed out of that chrysalis stage of their existence. They are antipodean states under the British flag, of far more importance in point of extent, population, wealth and resources than several foreign states with which the mother country maintains direct diplomatic intercourse. Hence arises the necessity for a total change of policy and attitude towards the Australian dominion on the part of the Imperial authorities. The time has gone for ever when a colonial secretary, by a stroke of the pen, could send whom he pleased to preside over an Australian colony, and without bestowing a thought on the consideration whether the person so appointed would be acceptable or otherwise to the people who would have to pay his salary. That sort of arbitrary dealing might be tolerated by colonies in their early childhood, but, as recent events have amply indicated, it is sure to be resented and rejected by colonies that have advanced into full grown manhood, and know the treatment they are entitled to receive. The Imperial authorities may rest assured that the great antipodean states will not be content with a smaller measure of courtesy and consideration than has been extended for many a year to petty foreign principalities. Blood is proverbially thicker than water, and a sturdy colonial offshoot should be

held in higher estimation than even a friendly foreign state. If it is deemed an essential act of courtesy to communicate in advance the name of a new intended ambassador to a foreign power, it is unquestionably of equal, if not greater, importance that each of the great component parts of the empire should be consulted before the appointment of its future governor has been finally determined.

Another new departure, another logical outcome of the increased and increasing importance of the British antipodean states, is the necessity which plainly exists for giving the great colonies an authoritative voice and efficient representation at the headquarters of the empire. Lord Rosebery and Lord Brassey, who have been in Australia and have carefully studied the situation on the spot, have availed themselves of every seasonable opportunity to enforce this much-needed lesson on the political conscience of the nation. Their labours have not, perhaps, so far been rewarded with the success they deserve; nevertheless, the seed they have sown, and are still sowing, will bear fruit in due season. They see now what the British public will gradually be educated into seeing, viz., that if Young Australia is to be kept within the bounds of the empire, he must be allowed his due weight and influence in the Imperial counsels. He must no longer be treated as a child, but must

are involved in the phrase of which he speaks so superficially and so slightly. He has not seen Australia for thirty-five years, and has, therefore, no personal knowledge of the large, steady and progressive communities that have developed out of the thin and scattered digging settlements that he saw in 1853. Let him follow the example of Lord Rosebery and Lord Brassey and see Australia as it is, and, when he returns to London, he will be forced to confess that the sight was a surprising revelation, and that there was considerably more in "federation" than he had originally supposed.

Extremes meet, and John Bright, the very antithesis of Lord Salisbury as a political thinker, is no less crudely dogmatic and decisive in his condemnation of the principle of Imperial federation. In the last public address he delivered at Birmingham, Mr. Bright ridiculed the idea of a general Legislative Assembly for the empire as an impossible project and a visionary scheme. Now, if experience teaches any one lesson more than another, it is this, that no man, however eminent, if he be wise, will attempt to characterize a policy or a project as chimerical or foredoomed to failure, simply because the imperfect light at his command does not enable him to see how it is going to be accomplished. To take one apposite instance of this folly out of many, we in

Australia were once assured, with all the authority of the most eminent scientists, that it was sheer madness for us to dream of getting gold at a depth exceeding 250 feet from the surface. Enterprising men, with little or no science, but possessing some shrewd common sense, set this dictum at defiance; and what was the result? Why, for years we have been getting millions of pounds' worth of gold at depths varying from 500 to 1,000 feet. The progress of Victoria would have been summarily arrested if the Victorians had silently acquiesced in the verdict of scientific experts with high-sounding and learned-looking names; and so will the progress of the empire be seriously impeded if the reactionary theories of Mr. Bright and his school should unfortunately meet with any general acceptance. I will venture the counter prediction, that a statesman, and perhaps possessing the common sense of Mr. Bright, but gifted with a far superior constructive capacity, will sooner or later arise and give practical realization to the existing ideal of an Imperial Senate, in which representatives of the great empires of Canada, Australia, India and South Africa will meet in conjunction with the representatives of Great Britain and Ireland to legislate on the affairs of the empire in general. Mr. Bright excludes the rules of the Imperial Federation movement, such as the

two qualities—liveliness and pluck. But others can see in Lord Rosebery a third quality, which the once-popular tribune apparently fails to discern, and that is foresight, the faculty of divining what substantial form the nebulous floating opinion of to-day is destined to assume to-morrow. As a matter of fact, there assembled in London last year a consultative conference of representatives of Greater Britain, which was in reality a sort of informal Imperial Parliament. Though not vested with legislative powers, more than one of its decisions and recommendations have since borne sound legislative fruit, and it will live in our history as the precursor of the fully-endowed Imperial Senate of the future. Mr. Bright characterizes this high aspiration of millions of his fellow-citizens as “a dream and an absurdity,” and he assigns two chief reasons as the basis of his opinion—the high protective duties and conflicting tariffs of Australia, and the assumed unwillingness of the colonists to become involved in the wars of the mother country. But Mr. Bright attaches an exaggerated importance to these alleged difficulties. The colonies are mostly protective, because, like all young countries, they want to build up their industries, and when this necessity no longer exists, tariff anomalies and prohibitive duties will disappear. As to the second reason, Mr. Bright seems

to be unaware of the fact that the colonies have had a foreign policy forced upon them, and that in consequence they are perfectly willing to assume all the responsibilities of joint partnership with the mother country, in order that effect may be given to that policy.

The fact that an Australian National party is now in power in one colony—Queensland—and that the Australian natives are organizing themselves into distinctive associations in the other colonies of the antipodean group, is a significant, but not necessarily alarming, state of things for the contemplation of Imperial statesmen. The national sentiment, of which this movement is the practical manifestation, is not intrinsically hostile to the maintenance of the connection with the mother country, and it can only be made so by the perversity or the stupidity of the headquarters' staff in London. Let the governing authorities at the Imperial centre honestly recognize the radically altered character of the Australian situation, consequent on the natives rapidly coming into their inheritance; let colonial questions for the future be decided mainly on local grounds and no longer merely in the light of insular convenience; let generosity and justice be as freely extended to the distant members of the Imperial household as to those nearer home; let due and proper weight be

given to colonial representations, instead of being summarily dismissed after palpably inadequate attention; let some machinery be devised by which the great colonies can make their wants and wishes known in an authoritative manner in an Imperial Senate—and, then, there will be no reason to regret the growth and development of Australian Nationalism.

THE END.

[JULY 15, 1889.]

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